GRANDPA'S HOUSE.

BY

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TO

MY DEAR LITTLE NAME-CHILD,

HELEN,

I DEDICATE THIS STORY.

GRANDPA'S HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

Half a dozen heads close together in the school-room, and twice half a dozen ears so busy in listening, that Miss Owens touched her little bell twice, before their owners could remember that it was time to turn about and study the afternoon spelling-lesson. Then there was a scattering to the different desks, and little Katy Stuart opened her spelling-book, and sat staring right over it at Fanny Lawrence, who was rocking back and forth, and slapping herself to the tune of "Twice one are two, twice two are four," etc. She certainly could'nt be looking at her so because she was a stranger, for Katy and Fanny had lived side by side all their lives through, — not

long lives to be sure, for Katy was only a little over four.

"Quarter past four exactly," Grandpa had taught her to say, just before she began school; and when Miss Owens, after writing her name that first day, had said, "How old are you, Katy?" she had answered briskly, "Quarter past four *de*-zactly," and opened her brown eyes very wide when the big girls and boys began to laugh.

Fanny was almost six, and so of course always said just the right thing, and Katy, who lisped a little and hadn't quite learned all the big people's words, respected her highly, and was sure that she knew more than any other little girl in Windsor.

Katy sat, as I have told you, looking straight at Fanny; and little Peter Perkins, who sat near Fanny and could see Katy's eyes all the time, was certain at last that she was staring at him, and after smiling once or twice and getting no return, made up his mind she meant to insult him, and instantly held up his hand.

"What is it, Peter?" said Miss Owens.

"Please to make Katy Stuart stop a-looking at me," said Peter. "She 's been a-doing it ever since school was in."

"It 's no such a thing," answered Katy, astonished; "I did n't look at him once. I would n't want to. I was n't thinking about him."

"Oh what a great lie," began Peter, but Miss Owens stopped him.

"Look on your book, Peter, and you will not be troubled by anybody's looking at you, and never say 'lie' to any one. What were you looking at, Katy?"

Katy turned very red and said nothing, and Miss Owen, after waiting a moment, smiled a little and turned again to the copy-books. Katy's eyes still left her lesson every now and then, resting on Fanny with the same doubtful look, and even in her class she turned her head once or twice toward her. Peter Perkins was waiting by the door, when the children went out to recess.

"I 'll punch you, Katy Stuart!" said he, giving her a little push.

"Punch a girl!" said Johnny Adams. "Ain't you brave, though? I'll punch you if you don't look out."

"Nobody must n't punch anybody," said Katy. "I was n't looking at you, Peter; I was looking at Fanny, 'cause she said" —

"Said what?" began Peter, interested, but Johnny Adams pulled him away.

"Come along, Redhead!" said he; "I'm going to win your best alley of you now, so you keep away from them girls;" and Peter, much against his will, was dragged over to the smooth ground in front of the school-house.

The square, little, unpainted building stood at the top of a low hill from which the woods had been partly cleared. At the back it sloped down to a brook which ran by its foot, where at noontime in hot days the girls waded, and the boys fished for shiners with crooked pins.

Behind an old log, the little girls played baby-house, with leaves for plates, and acorn cups to drink from; and sometimes Miss Owens, came down to sit with them, and told them stories of the flowers, and

birds, and bugs about them. Her favorite place, though, was under an old oak, where the grass was always soft and green: here the brook widened into a deep pool, the dwelling-place of a wonderful trout, never once seen, but always talked about by the older boys; and here one of them had made a little seat for the teacher, where she brought her luncheon and books, and on one ever-to-be-remembered day, had heard the lessons.

Fanny looked as she ran, to see if Miss Owens were in her usual place, quite away from any chance of hearing them, and said, "Oh goody!" as she saw her sitting there.

"Now see what I've got!" said she, when they were all behind the log, and from her pocket Fanny took out a little handkerchief, rolled into a tight ball, which, on being opened, showed six raisins and two or three pieces of dried apple.

"There 's just one raisin apiece," said she, "and I'll cut the apple so 's we can all have some o' that."

"Where 'd you get it?" said Katy,

putting her hands behind her, as Fanny held out her raisin.

"Down to the store, you know well enough," said Fanny impatiently. "I wish I had n't told you any thing about it this morning; here, take it."

"I sha'n't," said Katy; "you stole it."

"I did n't," said Fanny; "I never stole a thing; I only took it, 'cause it was on the counter, and they 'd a-swept it right onto the floor. Clara Perry always takes something, and we 're all a-going to when they drop any thing."

"Mother says it 's stealing to take things that don't belong to you," said Katy.

"So it is," said Fanny. "I would n't steal for any thing; we only pick up things when we go to the store, 'cause they 'd sweep 'em out if we did n't. Ain't you a goose to call that stealing?"

Katy looked doubtful.

"Then it would n't be wicked to eat the raisin, would it?" said she.

"Why, no, you silly," all the children answered together, and Katy took her piece of apple and the raisin, and ate them immediately.

"I guess I'll ask mamma when I go home," said she.

All the little girls shouted.

"Why, Katy Stuart! you said you was going to have it for a secret with all of us. Don't you know the big girls have secrets all the time, so's they can whisper, and we was going to too. You'll be real mean if you tell."

"Well," said Katy, after a moment, "then I won't," and just then the recess-bell rang, and the last hour of school began.

Walking home from school that afternoon, Katy thought the matter over again, and how strange it would seem to have a secret from mamma to whom she always ran and told every thing, just so soon as she got into the house.

"It's nice to have secrets, I do s'pose, 'cause Fanny says so," said Katy to herself, "but it don't feel good;" and she walked into the gate and toward the front door with a little troubled feeling. Voices came from the parlor, and she opened the door just the least crack, so

that all that could be seen of her was the tip of her nose and one brown eye.

"Dacious me!" said Katy, "there 's a new boy; where did he come from?" and she shut the door and ran into the kitchen.

"Katy!" called mamma, and Katy walked into the parlor with her head down, and taking her thumb from her mouth with a little jerk, as she remembered she had promised never to suck it again, if only she could think in time.

"Who do you guess this is?" said mamma, putting one arm around her, and the other around a lady sitting beside her. "Somebody you love."

"I dess not," said Katy, puzzled. "I never saw her."

"You 've seen her picture and kissed it too," said mamma.

"'T is n't my Aunt Katy, is it?" asked Katy.

"To be sure it is," said the lady, suddenly taking her right into her lap, and kissing her a dozen times; "your very Aunt Katy, that has n't hugged you once since you were a teenty baby; and here 's

Cousin Rob," and Aunt Katy drew the little boy toward her.

Katy looked at him seriously, to find out just what he was like, and then sliding down to the floor, put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"I like you, Cousin Rob," she said; "come and see my chickens," and taking hold of hands, the two children went out.

"Where did you come from, Rob?" asked Katy, as they walked along toward the barn.

"Out West," said Rob.

"Where's that?" said Katy.

Rob looked confused.

"I don't know," he answered; "it's ever so far off, and we lived in St. Paul, and had to come in a steamboat, and then two or three days in the cars, and I'm glad we're here."

"So 'm I," said Katy. "Do you want to go to school with me to-morrow? It 's Friday, and that's the last day there is school till Monday."

"I do' know," said Rob, too intent on the chickens he saw around a coop, to

think much about school. "Oh, ain't they pretty? I want one in my hand."

"Old Speckle wont let you," said Katy, too late for Rob though, who, pouncing on one of the wee puff-balls, received a peck from Mrs. Speckle, that drew blood in a moment.

"Oh!" said Katy, beginning to cry, "now you're hurted and all a-bleeding. Oh suz me!"

"Ho!" said Rob, at first inclined to cry, but putting a brave face on it; "I don't care; it did n't hurt much. Don't you cry. I should think you was the one that was hurted and not me."

"I've got a rag in my pocket," said Katy, winking away a tear. "Mamma makes me take one all the time, 'cause I keep cutting my finger on Fanny's new knife, and I 'll do it up for you."

So Katy did up the finger in a yard or two of rag, till it looked most as big as a man's finger she said; and then the two children rambled off through the orchard, where they picked up the first harvest apple of the season, and each took bites

till it was all gone ; and then down to the meadow to look at Dolly the cow, where they found the very last wild strawberry for that year, and spent so much time looking for another, that the tea-bell rang before they were half through with what they had meant to do. Bed-time came too soon, though Katy had been allowed to sit up an hour later in honor of Rob's coming, and the children talked back and forth, till mamma said they must n't speak one word more till next morning.

"I don't believe I 'll ever go to sleep, mamma," said Katy ; but before she knew, Rob's blue eyes and her brown ones were shut tight, and did n't open again till the first bell rang.

"Fix luncheon for two, mamma," said Katy, following her mother into the store-room after breakfast. "I dess Rob is going with me to school."

"I 'dess ' he is," said Aunt Katy, coming after. "He 'll stay here so long that he might better go with you every day."

Katy held her head very high as she walked through the gate and down the

road with Rob. Fanny Lawrence had made such a fuss over her Cousin Anne from Claremont, and would hardly speak to any body while she stayed, and now she, Katy Stuart, was really going to school with a cousin, not only from way out West, but a boy too, so that both the girls' and boys' side of the school-room would keep looking at him all the time.

Peter Perkins was making a sand-pie in the road when they came up, and seemed quite struck with Katy's companion. Rob was n't afraid of any body, and before the bell rang knew the names of all the boys and more than half the girls. When Miss Owens asked his name he said, "Robert Henry Gray," so loud that Katy felt quite embarrassed, but soon got over it ; for Rob went right into the spelling-class, without having studied his lesson at all, and went above Peter Perkins, who was so busy looking at him that he spelled Baker, first, B-a, ba, k-o-r, ker, and then, B-a, ba, k-*u*-r ; and then, as they were only allowed to try twice on one word, went below with a very sulky face, as Rob quite shouted B-a, ba, k-E-r ker, Baker.

At recess Johnny Adams took possession of him, and even at noontime, Katy could only show him off while he ate his luncheon from the basket, which she held tight in order to keep him with her.

"Ain't Katy Stuart proud?" said Clara Perry, so loudly that Katy heard her, but pretended not to, and ran off to where she could see Rob slinging stones with Johnny Adams. Even going home, Katy could n't have him all to herself, for the same Johnny walked almost to the gate with him; while Peter Perkins followed at a respectful distance behind, making now and then a remark which Johnny answered or not, just as he felt inclined. Saturday too, Johnny came for him, and poor Katy played sadly with her dolls, and would n't go to see any of the little girls, because she was afraid he might come home while she was away.

"I did n't see you any most all day," said she, as they went up to bed together.

"Well, you will to-morrow," said Rob, "'cause it 's Sunday. If you was a boy now, we 'd be together all the time."

"Well, I ain't," said Katy, "and I'm glad of it, 'cause boys can't ever keep still."

"Oh, they can, too," began Rob, but mamma cut the talk short by coming up to read a little to Katy as she sometimes did at bed-time.

Sunday morning the rain came pouring down. On such days, when Katy's father was at home, they always had a little service of their own in the parlor, for the village church was some distance from them, and Katy too was such a little girl that she only went to Sunday-school now and then; but while he was away, "fighting for his dear country," Katy said, mamma read or told her Bible stories, and taught her to sing little hymns, or walked and talked with her, in the beautiful grove at the back of the house. This morning mamma had a new book in her hand, and Katy looked curiously at it, as she climbed into her lap after breakfast.

"What 's its name, mamma?" she said, trying to read the gilded letters.

"'Stories from the Lips of the Teacher,'"

said mamma. "Don't you remember, that last spring when we were in New York, I took you to Sunday-school the first time you had ever been to one, and you heard the minister, who is always there with the children, himself tell a story to them?"

"Yes, I do," said Katy; "it was a beautiful story. Did he make these?"

"Yes," said mamma, "and I'm going to read you one; only one though, for I must write a long letter to dear papa to-day."

So mamma opened the book, and read the story of Dives and Lazarus, and Rob and Katy sat on their little stools and listened. Katy was very still when it ended, for though she could not understand every one of the long words, still she knew almost all that had been read. Mamma went away, shutting the door behind her, and Rob got up and went to the window.

"Let's play church," said he. "I used to play church at home, and once papa was the minister and preached me a beautiful sermon his own self."

"Well," said Katy; "you fix the things and I'll help you."

So Rob drew the great arm-chair near the window for a pulpit, and then Katy and he put all the other chairs into two rows for pews.

"You 'll have to be the singing people, and the listening people too," he said. "I can sing, 'cause our minister does always; real loud too."

Rob sat down in the big chair and pretended to wait for all the people to get in, and Katy sat up very straight in hers, and watched to see what he meant to do. Pretty soon Rob stood up and said, —

"Let us all sing the ninety-tenth hymn, 'Shining Shore.'"

"I don't know but one verse of that," said Katy.

"Hush!" said Rob; "now I've got to begin again, 'cause people don't ever talk in church. You can sing the same verse twice, and that 'll do just as well. Now, let us all sing the ninety-tenth hymn, 'Shining Shore.'"

Katy stood up in her chair, and Rob in

his, and both sang loud as they could, while Aunt Katy in the next room, opened the door just a little, so as to hear them more plainly. They said "Our Father," together, and they sang "Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me," and then Rob began his sermon.

"Our Father up in heaven loves every body, and wants every body to be good all the time, and He 's sorry if we ain't good, and so we must n't tell lies or be cross ever; and my father says that when we try to be good as we can be all the time, we 're happy all the time, even if it does hurt some not to do every thing we 're a mind to, and that 's all I can think of to preach this time: Amen."

"Is church out?" said Katy.

"Yes, 'cause I don't think of any thing more," said Rob. "Now you must go out of the room, 'cause the people don't ever stay in the church after the minister is through."

Katy walked out, and just then mamma called her, and she went away, without talking to Rob of the raisins and dried apple,

as she had been tempted to. Mamma had finished her letter and was ready to read again; and then came dinner, and after dinner a little walk, as the rain was over, and in some way or other the day went by; and Katy, though thinking very often whether or not Fanny could be right, had as yet said nothing, but went to bed still thinking.

CHAPTER II.

MONDAY morning came, and Rob went to school with Katy that day, and through all the week; but as he went away with the boys at recess, she gradually gave up watching him, and played as usual with the little girls.

Clara Perry's father mended watches, and one day Clara brought three or four watch crystals, for plates in the baby-house.

"I know what 'll look pretty in 'em," said Fanny Lawrence, and next morning when she came to school, she brought half a dozen cranberries.

"Where 'd you get 'em?" asked Katy.

"Down to the store," said Fanny. "I went to get sugar for mother, and these was right on the floor, and I picked 'em up."

They were very pretty on the little

glass dishes, and Katy in playing with them half forgot her doubts.

Next morning as they started for school her mother said: "Stop at the store, dear, coming home, and ask Mr. Lane for a dozen fresh eggs. I want to make sponge-cake, and we have n't enough. You can bring them in your luncheon basket."

Katy walked along that afternoon after school, thinking.

"All the girls make fun o' me, 'cause I never took any thing," said she to herself. "I 'll take a cranberry, maybe, so 's just to say I did, if there 's only one on the floor," and as she went in at the store door, she looked about to see if there were one where she could pick it up. Mr. Lane was very busy unpacking something, and as he took the basket, said, "Wait a minute," and went again to the back of the store. Katy looked about her: not a thing on the floor or the counter, not even a bean. Yes — one thing too. Over in a corner, half behind a barrel, lay a little onion, and Katy walked toward it, and picking it up slipped it into her pocket.

"There," said she to herself, "they can't ever laugh at me again;" and she went forward and took the basket Mr. Lane was holding out, and then went out to Rob, who was standing on the steps talking to a boy who had a new top.

Now that the first feeling of gladness at really having picked up *something* was over, Katy felt very strangely. What was she to do with this little onion? She wanted to throw it away, but was afraid Rob would see her, and ask where she got it.

"The girls 'll make just as much fun of me as ever," she thought, "for they 'll say I did n't get any thing we could eat or play with, either. What if Rob should put his hand into my pocket and find it! I 've got to put it somewhere else. Oh, suz me! what 'll I do?"

Katy watched her chance, and once when Rob ran to the side of the road, pulled it out and slipped it into the bosom of her frock. There it made a little bulge, and she pushed it further down where it

did not show so much, and walked on. If mamma had not been so busy, she would have noticed the troubled little face; as it was, she hardly saw her till just before tea, and then took her into her lap a moment.

"Why, dear child," said she, "how you smell of onions!"

"Do I, mamma?" said Katy, turning very red, and looking utterly miserable.

"What is the matter?" said mamma; and Katy first said, "Nothing, mamma," and then bursting into tears, hid her face. Mamma put her arms about her, and as she did so, felt the hard lump in her frock.

"What is that?" she said, and then drew it out. "An onion! Why, Katy! what did you put an onion in your bosom for? Where did you get it?"

"I stole it!" said Katy, too unhappy to keep it to herself another moment. "I stole it, so 's to have a secret to whisper about and never tell you, so 't the girls need n't laugh at me any more."

Little by little Mrs. Stuart drew the

whole story from her, and then sat silent some time thinking what it was best to do.

"I did think that you must take the onion back to Mr. Lane yourself, Katy, and tell him you took it," she began, but Katy almost screamed: "I could n't! Oh, I could n't, mamma!" and Mrs. Stuart sat silent again.

"Was it surely, truly stealing, mamma?" said Katy at last.

"It surely was," said mamma. "I never thought my little daughter could take any thing that was not her own."

"I never shall again," said Katy, crying afresh; "I don't want to: it feels dreadful to steal."

Aunt Katy came in just then, and would have asked what the matter was, if mamma had not silenced her with a look, as she put Katy down, and began to brush her hair for tea. Katy could not eat, and Rob, finding there was some trouble, lost his appetite too, and sat looking almost as sad as Katy. Mamma put on her hat after the meal was over, and took Katy's hand.

"We are going down to Mr. Lane's, little daughter," she said. "If you had been older, I should have made you go alone, so that you might always remember the dreadful shame you would feel, in telling any one you had stolen from them. Because you are such a little girl, I shall tell Mr. Lane myself, and I don't think you will ever let mamma have so sad a thing to do again."

Katy held her mother's hand tight as they went into the store, but on the way down she had made up her mind that nobody but herself should have to tell of her trouble. Mr. Lane was all alone, and Katy looked right into his face, as she said, "I stole an onion from you this afternoon, Mr. Lane, and I've come to bring it back."

Mr. Lane was too much astonished to say any thing for a minute, and then he laughed till Katy began to cry again.

"If you was bent on stealing," said he, "you might have taken something better; but what did such a mite as you be, want to steal for, anyway?"

To answer this required a long story, that Katy could n't bear to tell, and as somebody came in just then, Mr. Lane did not ask again.

"I 'm glad the onion 's back there," said Katy, as they went out, "but what will Fanny say when she knows I told you, mamma ?"

"Fanny has been a very foolish little girl," answered her mother, "and as her mother and I are old friends, I will tell her what has been going on in the school, so that Fanny may find that 'taking' is exactly the same as stealing, — one just as wrong as the other."

Katy hardly spoke to Rob as they walked to school the next morning, for her head was full of what Fanny might say to her for having told; but as Peter Perkins came up shortly after they had started, Rob was too busy talking with him, to think much about Katy's silence.

Fanny hardly looked at her, but her eyes were red as if she had been crying very hard. Clara Perry made a face at her, and Sarah Allen would n't tell her

where the spelling-lesson was, and altogether Katy was very miserable. Miss Owens saw the cloud on the faces of the little girls, who almost always wanted so much to laugh and play, that they could hardly sit still till recess time, and determined to find out the trouble if she could.

When the little bell rang for recess, Katy turned as usual to go out with Fanny, but Clara Perry had her arm around her, and was walking away, and as Katy came up to her, Sarah Allen said, —

"You 're a mean tell-tale, Katy Stuart, and Fanny don't like you any more."

"I 'm no such a thing," said Katy, winking hard to keep from crying; "I only told mamma, because I 'd stole something my own self. I was n't going to tell of Fanny at all."

"Well, you did," said Sarah Allen, "and now her mother says she can't have her birthday party next week. We 're most a mind not ever to speak to you again."

Katy cried now in good earnest, and Miss Owens, on her way down to the brook, turned back quickly.

"What is the matter, little girls?" she said, sitting down on the flat rock, between the school-house and the brook. "Tell me about it, and we will see if I can help it." Clara Perry turned and ran off, and Sarah Allen looked at Miss Owens and then at Fanny, and finally began to cry, herself.

"This is very strange," said Miss Owens, "and something must be very wrong to make you all feel so. Have you been quarreling?"

"No, ma'am," answered Fanny suddenly; "we 've been stealing."

"Stealing!" repeated Miss Owens, and then sat quite still in astonishment for a minute. "What did you steal?"

"I stole an onion," said Katy, "and I had to take it back, and I did n't keep our secret, and so Fanny is mad with me."

"I ain't now," said Fanny, "not as much as I was, anyway. I stole raisins, and dried apples, and cranberries, only I did n't think it was truly stealing, and we all made fun of Katy 'cause she would n't; so she stole an onion, and then she told

her mother, and her mother came and told my mother, and my mother says I can't have any birthday party 'cause I might a-known better."

"I do think you might," said Miss Owens. "How could you think it was no harm to take what was not your own?"

"Robert Carter did it first," said Fanny. "He gave me a prune one day, that he'd got off the store-floor, and said he always picked up things, and that it was n't any harm at all; and so I told Clara Perry, and we all did it."

There was no more time to talk now, for recess was over, and all walked back toward the school-house, Miss Owens thinking what it was best to say.

Peter Perkins, who had seen there was some difficulty, and was very anxious to find out just what it could be, had run down the hill before them, and hidden behind a tree, where he had heard every word, and now as all walked away from the flat rock, Katy and Fanny with their arms around each other, Peter rushed up

the hill, and into the midst of all the boys.

"Holloa!" shouted Johnny Adams, "look at Redhead's eyes! they 're big as saucers."

"I guess your'n would be too," said Peter, all out of breath. "Every one o' them little girls has been a-stealing; Katy Stuart and all!"

"No such a thing!" shouted Rob. "My Cousin Katy never stole a thing. I'll lick you, Peter Perkins."

"Oh you will, will you?" said Peter, pushing up his jacket-sleeves, and beginning to dance round in a circle; "come on then!"

Rob was six and Peter almost nine, but Rob did n't hesitate a moment. Before Peter had made up his mind where to hit, Rob had made a rush, head foremost, hitting him in the stomach and quite doubling him up, following up the attack by such a shower of cuffs and kicks from his small hands and feet, that Peter lost his self-possession, and ran howling to the school-room.

"What does all this mean?" said Miss Owens severely, as Rob with flashing eyes and flushed face came rushing after him, followed by the other boys. "Go into the school-room at once, and take your places, and Rob and Peter, stay in at noon-time, till you have told me what you mean."

"I'll tell you now," said Rob. "He called my Cousin Katy a thief, and there sha'n't anybody do that."

Katy put her head down on the desk, and cried harder than ever, as Peter said, —

"She *is* a thief anyhow."

"How do you know she is?" said Miss Owens.

"'Cause I heard her say so," answered Peter.

"When?" asked Miss Owens.

"Just now," said Peter, hanging his head; "I was close by and heard her say it."

"So you listened," said Miss Owens, "and then ran and told a tale. You are just as much a thief, then, as Katy or Fanny, for you stole what was only

meant for me to hear. Fanny and Katy and Sarah are very little girls, who have taken what was not their own, for the first time in their lives, and who hardly knew how wrong they were doing, till it was all over."

"I would n't a-hit him, if I 'd a-thought it was *true*," said Rob, looking reproachfully at Katy, and then breaking into crying himself.

There was such a chorus of sobs in the school-room, that even the biggest boys looked almost ready to cry.

"Now, children, hush," said Miss Owens, "and dry your eyes. If this trouble teaches you always to be honest and true, you need never be sorry that we know it. It is something that none of us need ever speak of again. Don't be so hasty another time, little Rob; and Peter, do you remember, that listening and tale-bearing are such mean things to do, that a boy who is guilty of them, will have to work very hard for a long, long time before he can earn the respect of those about him."

Miss Owens opened the Reader, and

called up the first class, and school went on as usual. At noon-time all went down to the log, and Fanny took every cranberry and threw it into the brook.

"I'm never going to take any thing from anybody ever again," said she.

Clara Perry laughed, but Katy, who knew just how she felt, put her arm around her, and they walked along the brook-side.

Sitting on a stone, Katy told all about the onion, and Fanny hugged her hard, as she said: "I s'pose we shall do some more bad things sometime, but we won't ever steal any more, will we, Katy?" to which Katy said, "I dess we never will."

Going home that night, Katy opened her heart to Rob, who had at first thought of going the other side of the road, and having nothing to do with her, but who softened as he heard the whole story, and hugged her close, as they went in at the gate.

Next day the watch crystals were all gone, and though Clara Perry never said a word about it, I think she had made up

her mind in the same way as Katy and Fanny, and so carried every one back to her father's shop.

Peter Perkins sulked for a day or two, but came out of it, on finally being presented with a stick of molasses-candy by Rob, and they became better friends than they had ever been before. The pounding, or the scolding, or something had done him good, for it is certain his manners mended from that very day.

Katy felt for some time as though everybody were looking at her and saying "onion;" but in time the feeling died away, and she remembered her trouble only as something which would keep her from ever wanting to try the same experiment again.

CHAPTER III.

All this time, little people, you may be wondering exactly who everybody is, and may want to know more about Katy Stuart, than just that she *is* Katy Stuart.

So I will begin ever so far back, at her grandfather and grandmother, and by and by we shall get down to Katy herself, whom it would never do to tell about first, when there are people so much older to be thought of.

Grandpa and grandma had lived in this very house almost more years than Katy was able to count. Long ago, one heard the voices of many children through the great rooms and under the spreading trees, but one after another, their places came to be in the old church-yard under the sighing pine-trees, and you heard their

names only as some one read them from the white grave-stones.

Aunt Katy had gone far out West, when she married, and when Katy's mother, the very last of them all, came to marry, grandpa and grandma begged that she too might not go away from them for always. So when Katy was a wee, wee baby, her parents left the great city where she had been born, and settled down in the almost empty house. And here papa left his little family, when he went away to the war, a lieutenant in the 14th Vermont Volunteers. He had been away more than a year and had risen in rank, until mamma's letters were now directed to "Colonel Dugald Stuart, in camp before Vicksburg."

Mountains were close about the valley in which the village lay, partly on the river-shore, and partly on the hills which rose up higher and higher to meet them. Common Hill was the name of the one on which half a dozen of the richer people's houses stood; and Grandpa Wardner's was one of these, standing between

old Squire Lawrence's (Fanny's grandfather's,) and Dr. Phelps'; a great, square, old-fashioned house, with wide hall through the middle, and rooms opening on either side; the South parlor for winter, and the North for summer; into which, after the snow came, a great pine table was set, whereon grandma put a wonderful stock of mince-pies, which lasted half the winter.

Opposite the wide dining-room back of the South parlor, was grandma's room, with its high-post bed, and gay chintz canopy and curtains, on which pink haymakers raked up pink hay, and drank pink milk brought by a pink dairymaid, and a bureau so tall that grandma always climbed into a chair when she wanted any thing from the top drawer. There was grandpa's chair with a writing-desk at the side, and a place for a lamp, and a deep drawer under it for papers, like no other chair that ever was made, and of no use at all either, for in the dining-room there stood a curiously carved old secretary, full of queer little pigeon-holes, and narrow drawers, and places enough

for all the papers that ever were. Grandpa had been a judge a good many years, and all his old law books were on shelves about the dining-room, and a host of others beside, for no one room had ever been made the library, grandpa saying he never wanted to go after a book, but must always have plenty at hand wherever he was. So the house had run to secretaries and book-cases, till Katy wondered whoever could have used them all.

There were hosts of little red angels with brown wings on the hall paper, and in the two parlors, pictures of very curious-looking gentlemen and ladies, walking about under stiff trees, and looking as though their clothes pinched them. The sofas and chairs were blue damask, with fringe nailed on with countless little brass-headed nails, and there were brass andirons too in the fire-places, for grandpa would have naught to do with stoves, but all the winter through, had blazing wood-fires behind the tall fenders; and Katy spent many an hour making faces at herself in the shining tops, where in one she

saw her face so long and narrow, that it did n't seem as wide as her little finger, and in the other, wide enough to frighten anybody.

There were shells all about, — brought from far over the sea, — pink and pearly, big and little, which Katy held to her ear sometimes, and listened to the rushing sound her mother told her was the voice of the sea; the old-fashioned piano, still sweet, stood between the windows with their deep seats, where Katy could stow not only herself but a whole colony of dolls, and keep house a day at a time; and grandma's music-box, only wound up on very great occasions, was on a little side-table, an ever-present temptation to Katy. Up-stairs was the stately North chamber all in white, and the South one all in green, the blue room which Katy's mother had now, and little rooms all about, put in as if by chance; and over, all the great garret, almost a house in itself, and so many curious closets and herb-rooms and all that, that Katy could n't quite make up her mind to like it yet. Her own little room,

for which she had begged because she was a great girl and going to school now, was right opposite mamma's, and Katy slept in the very same bed her mother had done when she was little. Opening her eyes in the morning, she could look from her window, right out and over to the tall mountain with its purple shadows, and the robins sang to her from the crab-apple trees, and the squirrels ran up and down the old butternuts. So you see there was enough in and about her home, to give her plenty to think of and plenty to do, all the time.

This particular morning I am going to tell you about, Katy was in the kitchen, — a great room built out at the back of the house, with such a chimney as you never saw, and a brick oven like a cave. Grandma had a stove now; but black Nancy told of the days when all the cooking was done in that chimney, before the roaring fire, and always looked at the stove as if she had a special spite against it.

Mamma was in the store-room, putting up luncheon for the children, while Katy

stood by, begging for more cookies and less bread and butter, and Rob was heard cracking last year's butternuts in the wood-house chamber. It was cool and clear, as August mornings among the hills often are; so cool that mamma brought a little red shawl, and pinned it about Katy.

"I don't like to wear my red shawl, mamma," said Katy; "there 's an ugly cow on the road to school, and maybe she 'll run at it. Rob says that he knew a cow that ran after a man because he had a red shirt on."

"I don't think you need be afraid, little daughter," said mamma; "but if you are, take off the shawl when you come near the cow, and I don't believe she 'll even look at you, much less run. Now it 's time to be off."

Mamma watched the little red shawl far down the road, till a curve hid it from her, and then went back to her work, with such a loving light in her beautiful eyes, that Katy surely would have hugged her tight, if only she could have seen it. Just then though, she was looking at something

else. Johnny Adams was seen in the path before them, followed by such a black-and-tan terrier, running and whisking about him, that Rob rushed forward in greatest excitement to meet him, and Peter Perkins, whose house was just round the turn, and who had been standing at his gate waiting for them, also started on the full run, both he and Rob coming very near going head foremost into Johnny.

"Holloa!" said Johnny, pretending to be very much astonished, and not to know any thing about the dog; "somebody 's most dead, and you 're both going for the doctor. Hurry along, and I'll let him know if I meet him."

"Ain't he a beauty though!" said Rob and Peter. "Where *did* you get him, Johnny? what 's his name?"

"I guess he is all that," said Johnny, forgetting to carry out his part; "Jip 's his name, and jump 's his natur; look a-there now, and see the crater."

"Hi!" said Peter; "Johnny 's making poetry."

"What about?" said Katy, coming up

and half afraid of Jip, getting close to Rob. "Will he bite?"

"I guess he won't," said Johnny; "look a-here now," and putting his hand in Jip's mouth, the two began a rough-and-tumble play, accompanied by such growls, and springs, and barks, that Katy felt as if she were going to be torn in bits, and ran up the bank at the side of the road.

"Ain't that a dog for you now?" said Johnny, getting up with his hair standing up straight, and a hole rubbed in the knee of his trowsers. "Uncle Jack sent him all the way from New York, in a box with slats across the top. Was n't he glad to get out! He most eat me up when I called him Jip and began to pat him, and he licked the baby so hard, she fell right over backwards, and hollered like fun."

"I'd a-hollered too," said Katy; "he 's an awfully lively dog."

"I should think he was," said Peter, as Jip made a spring for the dangling end of his book-strap. "Won't Miss Owens give it to you, for bringing him to school?"

"She won't," said Johnny; "she likes dogs, she said she did; she 'll be glad."

All this time the children were walking on, and had now almost reached the foot of the school-house hill.

"There 's that ugly cow," said Katy. "I do wish she could n't ever do any thing but stay at home."

"I guess I 'll send her there," said Johnny. "Hi, Jip! stuboy! seek her!"

Jip needed not another word, but darted forward to the cow, which was really a very ugly looking one, with a poke around her neck, and a brass button on one horn, the other having come off in some way. Jip danced about her, snapping at her heels, barking and growling furiously, till the cow, finding he was never in one place long enough to be caught on her horns and tossed up, made a sudden dash down the road toward the children. Peter Perkins went heels over head like a flash, over the fence, and Johnny caught Katy's hand and pulled her toward the other side of the road, screaming, —

"Jump, Rob, fast as you can, and I 'll help Katy."

Too late for Katy; red shawl, or what-

ever may have been the cause, the cow singled her out, and even as Johnny lifted her up the bank, she was caught on the horns and whirled over the fence to the field beyond, where she lay in a little heap among the tall grass without stirring, while the cow, still pursued by Jip, ran on down the road.

"Katy! little Katy Stuart!" cried Johnny, lifting up the little arm, which fell limp from his hand.

"She 's dead," said Rob, getting down by her in the grass — "she 's dead, Johnny; I wish I was dead too."

"No, she is n't," said Johnny, but with such a shaking voice, that he might as well have said, "Yes, she is."

Peter had looked for a moment, and then darted up the hill into the schoolhouse, where Miss Owens sat waiting.

"Katy Stuart 's dead, down to the foot of the hill," he cried with a great sob; and Miss Owens, who had turned very pale, got up quickly and hurried down to the spot where the children were standing. Katy lay there, white and still, and Miss

Owens shook as she felt first of the little wrist, and then laid her hand on the heart.

"She is alive," she said; "get some water quick, Johnny;" and while Johnny ran and returned, she lifted Katy to her lap. The sound of wheels was heard coming toward the hill, and Miss Owens walked on to the road, holding Katy, and watched for the approaching wagon.

"Thank God, it 's the doctor!" she said; and old Dr. Phelps, as he saw who it was, stopped suddenly and jumped from his gig.

"What 's it all about?" he said; "why, the child's arm is broken! How did this happen?"

Johnny, who had come back with the water, explained; and then the doctor, who had been feeling Katy's limbs, said,—

"Get in to my gig, will you, ma'am? and I will have her at home in a twinkling. This is no place to do any thing;" and he held Katy, as Miss Owens got in, and then laid her gently in her lap.

"Take me too," cried Rob; and the

doctor held out his hand to him after a second's look, and then drove swiftly toward the village.

Mamma sat at the window of the South parlor, sewing; and grandma, who had been away ever since our story began, and only got back this very morning, was walking about, and looking to see how her flowers had come on without her. The doctor had driven up Common Hill, and fastened his horse at the back gate, and now as they brought little Katy, still with closed eyes and white face, round the house, grandma cried out as she saw them, and mamma, coming out quickly to see what could be the matter, grew very pale and almost fell. Then she put out her arms.

"Give her to me," she said; and as they laid Katy into them, she walked quickly in, and still holding her, sat down in grandpa's great chair. Katy's eyes opened a moment, and then closed again.

"My dear," said the old doctor, who had known mamma from a child, "cheer up! it's only a broken arm, when it might have been a lost life. She's been tossed by

Pratt's vicious cow, that 's got to be beef by the end of this week, or my name 's not Simon. Katy 'll do well enough, when she comes out of this faint; better than you will, if you go on looking like that. Keep steady now, and we 'll set the bone in a trice. Keep her head wet, and I 'll be back with splints and chloroform in five minutes."

Katy had opened her eyes again, tried to sit up, and then fallen back with a sharp little cry of pain.

"What is it, mamma?" she said. "I thought I was in school, and something hurted me."

"Something did hurt you, darling," said mamma, kissing her softly; "but you will be better pretty soon. Lie very still, and Dr. Phelps will make you well in a little while."

Katy felt too sick and faint to say any thing more, and in the dead sleep which came on as the chloroform was put to her face, the arm was set, and mamma undressed her, and laid her into her bed, where Katy found herself when she opened her eyes again.

"What 's the matter with my arm, mamma?" she said.

"You broke it, dear," said mamma. "The cow you were afraid of this morning tossed you over the fence, and you fell with your arm under you, so that the tender little bone broke right in two."

"I hear somebody crying," said Katy, after a moment. "Is it Rob?"

"Yes," said mamma. "Do you want him to come in?"

"I dess so," said Katy; and Rob, who had been sitting on the stairs and crying miserably, was called in.

"You won't go to school to-day, will you, Rob?" said Katy. "You 'll stay with me, 'cause I 've got a broked arm."

"I guess I will," said Rob, hugging the unbroken one, which lay outside the bed. "Most all the school-children is down in the yard, 'cause they think you 're dead."

"Tell 'em I ain't dead, Rob, only broked," said Katy, "and then you come back."

Rob went, but when he came back, Katy was asleep, and did not wake up till almost bed-time. Then mamma had some

medicine for her to take; and as Katy could n't bear medicine, a long while was spent in getting her to make up her mind to swallow it, and then it was Rob's bed-time, and he only came in softly a minute to kiss her good-night.

For a day or two, the novelty of being in bed, and having so many people coming to see her, kept Katy from getting too tired, and helped her to bear a good deal of the pain; and then the village paper came out with a paragraph about the accident, and she thought it a very remarkable thing to be talked about in a newspaper, and so did the school-children, who looked at her with great respect when they came in, while Rob stood by the bed and showed her off, thinking to himself, how fine it was to have them all paying her such attention. As the days went on though, she grew sadly weary of lying in one position, and mamma, who read her all the story-books in the house, began at last to tell her all she could think of. To tell you half of them, would fill a book larger than this one; but one of them I

shall write for you, though you, ten or twelve year-olders, must remember that it was meant for a very little girl, and therefore had to be more silly than any thing either mamma or I should ever dream of telling you.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SPARROW STORY.

"Do," said Mr. Sparrow.

"Never," said Miss Sparrow.

"Don't say 'never,'" said Mr. Sparrow.

"But I will," said Miss Sparrow. "Do keep away a minute, can't you?" and Mr. Sparrow flew to the next tree, and though it was the broadest, brightest sunshine that ever you saw, stood on one leg, and put his head under his wing, and did himself up into a round ball, just as if it had been the darkest midnight; and Miss Sparrow cocked her head one side and pretended to sing, and then suddenly pounced down on a green bug crawling up the tree, and after she had got it in her bill, forgot to eat it, but let it dangle by one leg, till a sudden breeze came along and took the bug with it, and Miss Sparrow did n't even know it was gone.

Now what could all this mean? You shall know just as fast as I can tell you; and perhaps what the bug said to his wife will help you to understand.

The breeze had torn him right away from one of his best legs, which was still dangling from Miss Sparrow's bill, but he had even now five left, and that is a good many, you know; so when he had landed again at the foot of the tree, where the breeze dropped him, he crawled right up to the hole in the bark, where his wife sat, feeding the baby with honey-dew from the end of a clover, and then laid down on his back, and held up his legs, and would n't speak a word, because he thought she ought to see at once that he had n't come home with the proper number.

Now the baby was cutting its teeth, and kicked and screamed unless it was fed with honey-dew every minute; so Mrs. Bug only said, "My dear, you 'll muss your wings, if you lie on your back like that," and went on feeding.

Then Mr. Bug began to groan dreadfully, though still he would n't speak, and

Mrs. Bug got up and walked around him, with her back almost breaking, because she had to carry little Bug and the honey-pot too.

"Why, you've dropped off one of your legs," she said pretty soon. "Did you know it?"

"Know it!" said Mr. Bug, almost choking to death he was so angry. "What did you suppose I came home for, if it was n't to let you see the state I'm in? If Miss Sparrow had swallowed me, legs and all, you'd have gone on stuffing little Bug, just the same."

Here the Speckled Spider, who knew there was something more than common the matter in the Bug family, put in her head and looked around her with six of her eyes, keeping the other two on a fly she thought might come nearer by and by.

"Ah! there you are," said Mr. Bug. "I hope you'll make it a business to catch every fly that comes to this tree. I'd rather you'd burst than that Miss Sparrow should ever have another."

"What's the matter?" said the Spider.

"There it is again!" said Mr. Bug. "I've been carried up into the air like a whirlwind, and held with my head down till I wonder I'm alive, and why I was n't eaten I should n't have known, if the breeze hadn't told me on the way down."

"Why were n't you?" said the Spider, who thought to herself, that when she had grown a little larger, she might very likely do it herself.

"Because Miss Sparrow is in love, and has n't any appetite," said Mr. Bug.

"Oh!" said the Spider, shaking a little, "then we must all get further under the bark than ever, because as soon as she's over it, she'll eat every one of us, to make up for lost time."

"But she won't be over it," said Mr. Bug. "All the time she held me, she was saying to herself, 'O lovely Sparrow! If I only could make up my mind!' and she will very soon, because I remember distinctly saying almost the same thing, the very day that I asked Mrs. Bug if she would have me, and all the time my mind was made up."

"Then there 'll be a wedding, and by and by a nest full of young ones," said the Spider, "and we shall go faster than ever. I 've got thirty-seven hundred children in my egg-ball, and there won't be one of them left. I wish I 'd settled in some other tree."

"It don't make the least difference where you are," said Mr. Bug; "there 's birds in each one, and you 're fighting for your life every minute;" and Mr. Bug groaned and kicked so dreadfully, that Mrs. Bug dropped the baby, and ran to get the bottle of plantain-juice liniment, which she always kept by the bed, so as to put it on little Bug's head when he tumbled out.

In the mean time, Mr. Sparrow had taken his head from under his wing, and wiped his eyes on an apple-blossom; and now, as he saw Miss Sparrow still swinging on a twig, he could n't help flying over to her, and settling down on another twig. Miss Sparrow said never a word, but she gave him one little look which must have meant a great deal, for Mr.

Sparrow was by her in a second, and began such a song, that the Bluebird on the branch below looked up and laughed, and every worm and spider in the tree knew it was all settled, and they must look out for themselves. As for Mr. Bug, he kicked off his poultice, and upset his catnip-tea, and went on so, that poor Mrs. Bug was almost distracted.

"Now let us fly," said Mr. Sparrow; and they did fly, so swiftly you could but just see them.

"I don't know why it is, that I've said yes," said Miss Sparrow; "I never meant to build a nest, and have to sit days, and days, and days, only to hatch out little horrid, scrawny, naked birds. I always told mother, when she was flying from morning till night getting us bugs, that I never would, and I don't believe I mean to now."

"Why," said Mr. Sparrow, "we should n't have half lived, if we did n't. There 's the cuckoo you and I met when we went South, that never has a nest of her own, and don't care whether she ever sees her

little birds or not, and she's unhappy and forlorn, and says ill-natured things about the other birds all the time. We'll build a dear little nest, and there'll be five little speckled eggs in it, and I'll cuddle you, and feed you, and sing to you, and tell you all the news in Birdland, and you won't mind it one bit."

Mr. and Miss Sparrow flew off together fast as they could go, and whether she was troubled any more about going to house-keeping right away, I'm sure I don't know, but I think not. There were no new clothes to be made; no cards to be printed; no minister to run after.

Getting married in Birdland is the easiest thing in the whole world, for just so soon as Miss Sparrow had made up her mind, and laid her little bill against Mr. Sparrow's, that very minute she turned into *Mrs.* Sparrow, and could think of nothing else but the best place to go for all the little sticks and straws they would need to build a nest.

Where do you think they builded it? Why, down at the foot of the very apple-

tree where Miss Sparrow had made up her mind, and where Mr. and Mrs. Bug lived; right down in the grass, among the suckers which grew up around the old tree, and would shadow the birdies by and by. Seven old apple-trees stood up in this orchard, close by a house where people lived who loved all birds, and who, though Mrs. Sparrow did n't know it, had watched her flying about, and wondered if she would not soon build a nest.

By the time the children found out where to put the crumbs, sticks and straw and grass had taken shape, five speckled eggs lay in the new nest, and Mrs. Sparrow sat patiently day after day, waiting for the little chirp that would tell her the still part of her work was over, and the noisy part begun. Mr. Sparrow kept his word, and stayed by her, day and night, taking her place sometimes, that she might fly away and stretch her cramped little legs and body. Terribly frightened at first by the two children who watched almost as eagerly for the little birds as she did, she grew quite accustomed to

them after a time, and she and Mr. Sparrow really grew fat on the quantities of crumbs which lay about the nest all the time.

At last came a day, when a little knocking was heard in the speckled eggs, and Mrs. Sparrow broke away bits of the shell with her bill, and watched with all her eyes, till by and by, out there tumbled such a big-headed, little-bodied, long-legged sparrow, as always does tumble out of every sparrow's egg ever hatched, and before the day had done, four more had followed.

"Now there's a leg, for a sparrow an hour old," said Dr. Owl, who happened to be passing just as Number Four put his head out, and who thought to himself how delicious and tender they were, and how he would like to gobble up every one of them, if only it were a little darker; and Mrs. Sparrow held up her head and thought that nobody ever had had finer children, while Mr. Sparrow sat on a twig, and complimented her for having done so well.

What a noise they made though, till each worm crawling around in the web overhead, tried to get under every other worm, so as not to be the next one to stop their mouths. It was very fortunate that Mrs. Miller had chosen to lay all her caterpillar eggs on just that bough, for it made Mr Sparrow's work so much easier, and though when he began, the net was running over, his children had such appetites that the supply would hardly hold out, particularly as Mrs. Bluebird was bringing up her family in the same way.

Sparrow Number One was all over pinfeathers, and getting so big that he crowded the others dreadfully, and he sat on the very edge of the nest, kicking them if they tried to get up, and picking off every ant and bug that crawled up the bark. Mrs. Sparrow was really afraid of him, for he would have the whole of her right wing over him all night, and of course when the left one had to cover the other four, you can think how it would ache next morning. Then he swallowed more than half the worms, and said so soon as he could fly

he should turn the others out; and altogether made things very uncomfortable.

Mrs. Bluebird's children were older; and so were taking flying lessons, and getting ready to go into society very soon; and the oldest Miss Bluebird practiced trills every morning, and had very little to say to the Sparrow family, who lived at the foot of the tree, and never wore any thing but gray and brown.

Now Sparrow Number One grew more and more discontented, wondering why he had n't been born at the top of the tree, and why his pin-feathers did n't come in blue instead of brown; and then he thought if only he could get away from this nest and his stupid brothers and sisters, how much more of a chance he should have; till at last he said in his silly little mind, he would go, any way; he could n't stand this sort of life a day longer.

So that afternoon, when both father and mother had flown to the strawberry-bed, to see if there might not be a ripe berry for tea, he got up on the edge of the nest, and without a word to anybody, fluttered

down to the grass. It was cool and fresh, and little bugs and worms were crawling all about.

"Tell me I can't take care of myself!" said Number One; "here are worms enough for all summer. Now I must find a tree of my own;" and he hopped through the grass farther and farther away from the old home. All at once, though, how dark it grew; and how he was going down, down, till he stopped with a dreadful jerk, and his little legs doubled right up under him! Where do you think he was? Why, in a very deep hole, where a post had once been, and at the very bottom of which there lived such a great earth-worm, that if the Sparrow had n't been too stunned by his fall, he would certainly have screamed on seeing it. The white grub put out his head to see what was the matter, and the crickets ran to the edge of the hole and looked down, but nobody was sorry; they saw he was too little to fly, and all knew that he must have run away from home. There he stayed, and I 'm afraid to say what became of him. All I know about it is, that the burying-beetles

walked in procession to the hole two or three days afterward, and that means that they were going to cover him up carefully in the ground. The earth-worm could have told, but she never did, and so though Mrs. Sparrow flew over that very hole, in looking for him, she never knew that her first little bird lay at the bottom. The other little Sparrows were so glad to have plenty of room, that I don't think they missed him much, and then, too, they were beginning to fly, and almost ready to leave the nest.

Now I must tell you what happened to Mrs. Bug. Little Bug had grown up, but there was another baby-bug who acted just as badly and ate just as much honey-dew as his brother, and Mrs. Bug was getting quite old and thin with care and trouble. You see she had never taught either of them to take care of themselves, and whatever she was doing, always held little Bug tight, so he was the most helpless bug you ever saw. His father was all out of patience with him, and stayed away from home almost all the time, partly be-

cause he could n't bear to see his wife getting so round-shouldered, and then he was lazy himself, and did n't want to help her.

Well, one day little Bug had stuffed till he had dreadful pains, and poor Mrs. Bug started down the tree for some fresh catnip. Sparrow Number Two sat on a sucker, and watched her as she came along. He was n't very hungry, for he had just eaten a large hairy caterpillar, but it is bird nature to snap at every thing, and all at once there was an end of Mrs. Bug, and nobody ever saw her again.

That night when Mr. Bug came home, there was nobody at the door to meet him, and little Bug lay on the floor kicking and screaming.

"Stop that noise!" said Mr. Bug. "Where 's your mother?" but he forgot that little Bug could n't talk any yet, because he was too young. What was to be done?

Mr. Bug gave him honey-dew, and catnip, and every thing he could find, and rubbed him all over with plantain-juice

liniment, till there was n't a bit left, and then he walked the floor with him almost all night, and still little Bug kicked and screamed, till, when morning came, Mr. Bug looked ten days older, and that 's a long time in a bug's life.

Now down at the bottom of the tree lived a small black bug, who seemed never to have any thing to do, but to sit in her door and scold all the ants that came too near. She had seen Mrs. Bug snapped up, and at once it came into her head, what a fine chance was here for settling in life. So when Mr. Bug came walking slowly and miserably down, Miss Black Bug met him with a very sweet smile, and said she had really pitied him so all night that she could n't sleep, and he must certainly send little Bug down to her, else he would be quite worn out. All this time she stood in the sun, so that Mr. Bug could see the green and gold on the tips of her wings. He said but little then, for he had not quite forgotten poor Mrs. Bug; but a day or two more of little Bug decided him, and before the Speckled Spider could advise him as

she had meant to, Miss Black Bug had become Mrs. Bug number two.

Then there were times! Little Bug grew to be afraid of his own shadow, and as for honey-dew, gracious! if he had the tale end of a clover once in three days, he was a lucky bug. None of the old friends were allowed to come to the house, and at last Mr. Bug grew so desperate, what with wishing he had been better to the first Mrs. Bug, and planning how to get away from the second one, that one day, going home with his head down, he ran right into a hen-coop and was eaten up in a minute. What became of little Bug I don't exactly know, but the Speckled Spider can tell you all about it.

All this time the Sparrow family were growing up, fast as possible. Summer days passed on, and autumn came; the birdies were no more care or trouble. They flew home at night, and sat about the old nest, and twittered little songs, and Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow sat side by side, and looked at them, and thought of the coming days when they would have nests of their own, and they said to themselves, —

"Well, do as they will, they never can have quite such birdies as ours."

So time will go on. New nests will be builded and new birdies come, and by and by, full of happy days, little Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow will fold their wings, and shut their bright eyes in a very long sleep, and new sparrows will take their places, and Grandfather Longlegs will tell stories of the days when they were young, and the old nest will be empty forever.

CHAPTER V.

KATY had time for many stories before she was really well again. The little bones in her arm had joined nicely, so that you never would know it had been broken, but she had headaches every now and then, and did not feel strong; and Dr. Phelps had her lie very still a good deal of the time, because he was afraid something had happened to her back. So there were many long, weary days of bed and sofa; and though Katy tried to be very patient — she was but a little girl, who had been running and playing all her life, and who could but just bear to keep still — she had many a cry, sometimes with mamma's arms tight about her, but often with her little head down in the pillow, and nobody to see.

You can think then how glad she, and every one in the house, must have been, when one bright day in early October, Dr. Phelps said she was all right now, and

would n't need him any longer. Katy had almost forgotten what it would seem like to run just as fast and as long as she pleased, and for the first few days, mamma had very often to say, "Slower, slower, little daughter."

There was so much to see that had been done during her long weeks in the house. Dolly's calf had grown to be half as large as herself, and the little chickens had, ever so many of them, turned into young roosters, with funny specks of combs, and no tails to speak of, who were always getting behind bushes and trying to crow, or pecking at each other, till their silly little heads were all bloody. Out of Mrs. Nickelby's thirteen turkies there were but eight remaining, the rest having died of hasty consumption, because they would run into the long grass after grasshoppers before it was dry; and turkies, you know, never have very good health while they are young, and if they are not very careful about getting their feet wet, die right away.

It was Friday afternoon. Fanny Law-

rence, who had a cold, had not gone to school that day, but, instead, had come in to play with Katy.

The two little girls were keeping house; a famous one, made of four chairs, with a blanket shawl spread over the top. Katy had one of her mother's gingham aprons tied on hind side before, and was trailing it over the floor while she put her doll Maria to sleep, and Fanny, who had turned her dress around, so that it buttoned up in front, and made her feel almost as old as the grandmother she was pretending to be, sat telling a story to the two baby dolls, who lay in a little cradle with a pocket-handkerchief over them.

Rob came stamping up the stairs, and banged the door as he came in.

"I must be weal quiet, if I 'm going to get Maria to sleep ever," said Katy; "do keep still, Rob."

"How *do* you do, Mrs. Stuart?" said Rob, paying very little attention to the reproof. "I 'm Maria's father, come home from the war, and I 'll stay to tea I guess."

"Well," said Katy, "I was playing

grandpa's cane was our husband, but you 'll be a good deal nicer, Rob, 'cause you can help take care of Maria and the babies too. 'Please to take a chair, Mr. Gray."

"Why, you must n't call me Mr. Gray if I call you Mrs. Stuart," said Rob. "I 'm Mr. Stuart now. There 's going to be school to-morrow, Katy, and Miss Owens wanted you to come."

"To-morrow?" repeated Katy. "Why, to-morrow 's Saturday. We don 't ever have school Saturday."

Fanny laughed out loud, and then began to cough as if she had n't meant to, and Rob frowned at her, and shook his head, till Katy thought it was very strange, and that they must have some secret she did n't know.

"I 'm going Monday, any way," said she. "I don 't want to go to-morrow."

"Oh yes you do," said Fanny, "so 's to know where the lessons are for Monday."

"But why did n't Miss Owens tell, to-day?" asked Katy. "She always said, there ought n't to be any school Saturday. What makes her have it to-morrow?"

Fanny laughed again, and Rob turned a somerset into the shawl-house, knocking over the cradle and sending the two babies flying.

"Oh dear!" said Katy, who still felt a little fretful, "There 's Josephine and Emma on the floor, and you both laugh and won't tell me what it is. I wish you was both home. Oh suz me!" and Katy cried, and felt that she was having very hard times indeed.

"Well," said Rob, "you won't cry to-morrow, any way, for something good 's going to happen after school."

"Oh, what?" said Katy; but Fanny looked frightened, and Rob ran out of the room, as if that were the only safe thing to do.

Katy could but just go to sleep that night, she was so curious to know what they could mean ; but at last she did, and was but just able to wake up next morning in time for breakfast.

"We shan't want any luncheon, mamma," she said, "'cause we 're coming home at noon, you know."

"Are you?" said mamma, smiling a

little. "The basket is all ready, and as you may be hungry, I guess you had better take it."

"What 's Rob got a big basket for?" said Katy; "is he going to stop at the store?"

"Perhaps," answered mamma, buttoning her warm sack; and the children started off, — Rob looking so important, that Katy didn't know what it meant, but forgot it soon, in the strangeness of going over this old road again. She felt as if she must be a great deal older, and yet there stood the big mullen, looking exactly the same as it did two months ago; the sheep were feeding on the same hill-side, only now the leaves were crimson and gold, instead of clear green, and there was such a carpet of them under one tree, that Katy, after filling her hands full, was so busy looking them over, she did not even notice when they passed the spot where the cow had tossed her, so many weeks before. She thought it curious that none of the children were out to meet her, and still more curious, that when she went in, all of them should be sitting with their hats

on, and a basket before each one. Miss Owens was there too, with her hat on, and took Katy into her lap, while she called the roll, which was queerer than all; when it was over, too, instead of saying, "The first class in spelling can take their places," Miss Owens said, "Now, girls and boys;" and there was such a rush for that school-room door, that Katy thought everybody was crazy.

"Hoop de dooden do-o-o-o-o!" shouted Johnny Adams. "We're going to have one more good time, Katy Stuart! Ain't you glad you broke your arm, 'cause you would n't a-had this if you had n't?"

"Had what?" said Katy, more puzzled than ever. "What you all going to do? How you do act!"

"Going to Paradise," screamed Peter Perkins. "Who would n't act?"

"Going to have a picnic, a real picnic," said Clara Perry, "all because you 've got well, and we 're all so sorry for you, and my basket 's just as full of cake as it can be. Mother made beauties, 'cause she said you were a real nice little gal."

"I 've got sandwidges," said Peter Perkins, — "a whole ham most, made into sandwidges."

"Oh stop now, telling what you 've got," said Hiram Jones, one of the large boys, almost fourteen years old, who kept quite near Miss Owens, and had made up his mind to offer her his arm, if they came to any muddy spots in the road. "We want the fun of seeing the baskets opened. Come on now;" and the whole party of children started down a lane which branched from the main road, leading to the school-house, and which after a walk of half a mile or so, brought you to Paradise, through Punk Hole.

Of course you want to know just what Paradise is, and I will tell you at once; though as you must pass through Punk Hole to reach it, that shall come first.

Punk Hole, then, was the name of a swamp, or of land which at certain seasons was swampy, and in the very centre of which was a small pond; — a very small one indeed, not much bigger than a well, said to be so deep that nobody had ever

found the bottom; though as it was mud and water all about it, I don't believe, between you and me, that anybody ever had tried. Somebody had bought the Punk Hole property two or three years before, and made a winding road through it, to a path which passed over the very steep little hill at its back, covered with dark pines and hemlocks, and slippery with their leaves all the year through, till winter snows covered them. Once up and over this hill, there lay before you a lovely open meadow, here high ground and there low; dotted with groups of trees, and rising gently to another hill, also covered with pines, from which you looked down into a narrow rocky ravine, where a brook brawled along, and fell at last in a little sheet of foam to a broader brook below. Standing here on the highest point, one looked off on one side to the grand old mountain, on the other to the river, and the meadows on its shores, and the quiet village; and far off, the Green Mountain Peaks, and the blue sky over all. No wonder they called it Paradise, for even

the noisy children felt the quiet beauty of the scene, and were half still a moment. Only a moment, and then a round ball of boys was going heels over head down the slope, and a game of tag began among the girls, followed by "Drop the handkerchief," and more plays than I can remember, or than you will, either, when you get to be as old as I am.

Johnny Adams was very busy indeed behind a tree, working away at something, and could n't be persuaded to come out.

Lucy Perkins, who was even more curious than her brother, crept up behind the tree and peeked at him. Johnny had a perfect stack of beautiful autumn leaves by his side, and from these he was picking out the very smallest and brightest, and making them into a delicate wreath, fastening the leaves together with the tiniest bits of stem.

"Who can he be doing it for?" thought Lucy Perkins, giving her red curls a flirt. Maybe it's for me. I've got nicer curls than any of them."

Lucy was mistaken. When Johnny

came out, he went, not toward her, but toward Katy, who, because she had been an invalid, was sitting in a great pile of shawls, and resting after the fatigues of tag. The sun shone down on her brown curls; great round curls that never needed hot irons nor papers, but almost took care of themselves. All the summer's tan had gone away while she was in bed, and it was a very fair, little face, looking off to the hills, and then at Johnny as he came up.

"Oh what a beautiful wreath!" said two or three of the little girls running up. "Who 's it for, Johnny?"

"Guess," said Johnny, going behind Katy, and dropping it quietly on her head. "I guess it's for about the prettiest girl, if she *is* little."

"She 'll be a stunner, when she 's your age, Miss Owens," said Hiram Jones.

"Long before that," said Miss Owens, laughing, while Katy, who was blushing very hard, sat with her head down, and finally, embarrassed at seeing so many eyes fixed on her, put her thumb in her mouth, just as she used to do.

"She ain't any thing but a baby, any way," said Lucy Perkins, who was nine, almost. "If Johnny Adams is a-mind to make wreaths for a baby, I'm sure I do n't care."

"You'd better not," said Spencer Hall, a new boy from New York, who was visiting his aunt in the village. "'Tain't likely anybody 'll trouble themselves much to make wreaths for you."

"Oh, you feel very grand because you're all the way from New York," began Lucy, very angry; "I guess you ain't any better than anybody else."

Miss Owens saw some trouble coming, and stepped toward them.

"Lucy, they say you are a nice little housekeeper," said she, "and I wish you'd help me about unpacking some of these baskets."

Lucy's face smoothed at once, and there was a rush to the spot by all the children, who had heard what was said.

"Look out for them sandwidges!" sung out Peter Perkins from the top of a young birch he had climbed to see if it would

make a good swing. "I don't believe anybody else has got sandwidges."

"All the nicer then that you have plenty," said Miss Owens. "Where shall our table be?"

Here there was an uproar; part of the girls wanting it on the grass in the level meadow, and part on the flat rock near the brook, and the boys caring very little either way, but contradicting everybody at once, for the sake of the fuss it made.

"On the rock is the best place," said Miss Owens, rather sorry she had asked any questions; "then we shall be near the brook, and we 're likely to want a good deal of water, for here is a great bottle of lemon-juice, and sugar, in Rob's basket, and we shall all have lemonade."

While she talked, Miss Owens was very busy, bringing out one nice thing after another. Peter Perkins' "sandwidges" were really as nice as he thought, and made a wonderful pile, on a piece of white birch-bark. Two or three of the older boys had cut squares of the same bark for plates, which were handed around to all

the boys and girls who were now sitting down on the short crisp grass about the rock. There were only two tin cups, one for the boys and one for the girls, which made it take a long time for everybody to get enough lemonade; but I 'm not sure that it did not taste all the better, for being a little hard to get.

"There ain't an inch o' room left in me," said Spencer Hall, looking solemnly at a pile of doughnuts still remaining, "and how I 'm going to worry down any more I don 't see."

"No more do I," said Johnny Adams. "What 'll we do with what 's left? Nobody knows whose any of it is now; so there 's no use trying to give everybody their own, back again."

"I 'll tell you what we can do," said Miss Owens, who was leaning back against a tree, eating a sponge-cake heart. "Suppose we put all the rest, nicely into the largest basket, and go home by Aunt Patty Simmons'?"

"Bully for you!" shouted Johnny Adams; at which Miss Owens looked a little

serious, but said nothing, and all the girls crowded around.

"Won't she be astonished?" said Clara Perry. "I don't believe she ever has any cake at all, except when she goes to sewin'-circles. Ain't it nice you thought about her, Miss Owens?"

"Miss Owens always thinks nice things," said Johnny; at which Miss Owens made a little curtsey, and then began to pack the basket with the remaining sandwiches, doughnuts, and slices of cake, of every sort you can think of.

"Now, children," she said, when with a white napkin spread nicely over it, the basket was all ready, "let us have one good sing, and then we must start for home, for it is growing too cool to stay here much longer."

Miss Owens was a little bit old-fashioned in her tastes, maybe; at any rate the singing-book in her school was quite an old one, and the children sang from it tunes that perhaps your mammas will remember and know more about than any of you. So when they all stood up together, they

sang, "Oh come, come away," and "Lightly row, lightly row," and half a dozen others, which, for some reason always seemed to me nicer songs for children to sing than almost any of the very new ones.

"Now, two by two," said Miss Owens, "and we'll march down to Punk Hill path."

Every boy took the girl he liked best, and a long file went on through Paradise, to the tune of, "The Campbells are coming, Oho! Oho!" Peter Perkins marched so hard, that he came right out at the toe of his boot, but kept on all the same, till the steep path and the slippery pine-leaves on Punk Hole hill, stopped all marching, and the children scurried down like a flock of sheep, and through the swampy ground to the land beyond.

Aunt Patty Simmons, who lived not very far from the school-house, was an old, old woman, who if she had not been too proud, would have gone to the Poor Farm, long ago. She owned the speck of a house she lived in, and a patch of ground at the back, where she raised a few potatoes and

beans. She knit stockings and mittens of blue yarn which she spun, and so earned a little money, but how she contrived to live on it, nobody exactly knew. Katy's grandfather sent her a load of wood every year when winter came on, and had his men saw and split it for her, and at Christmas time tea and sugar and a good many nice things found their way to her; but, for all that, she must often have had pretty hard times.

Aunt Patty was at her door as the noisy party came up, and looked a little suspiciously at them. You see she had an apple-tree, — an apple-tree almost always full of delightful red Seek-no-furthers, and two or three of these very boys could have told you just how those apples tasted. I don't intend to tell you their names, for Miss Owens, who somehow found out all about it, had made them feel very much ashamed that they could ever have robbed the apple-tree of such a poor, old, helpless woman, and there was small chance they would ever do it again.

Miss Owens went forward, with the great basket.


KINGDON-BOYD.SC.

"How d'ye do, Aunt Patty?" she said; "the children have been on their last picnic for this season, and they have brought you a part of the good things their mothers gave them."

"Well, to be sure," said Aunt Patty, taking the basket, and looking quite pleased as she opened it. "I'll empty it right away. Won't you all come in?"

"No, thank you," said Miss Owens, "there are almost too many of us;" and Aunt Patty trotted in briskly, and was heard rattling her plates, as she put away first one and then another, filled with goodies.

"Bless your hearts!" she said, "I wish I was rich enough to knit every one of you a pair of mittens. I don't know as I've have had a pound-cake in my cupboard since I was a young woman."

"Ain't that dreadful!" said Fanny Lawrence, as they all went on, after saying good-by. "Only think of never having any cake."

"Not the worst thing in the world," said Miss Owens; but Fanny looked as though she thought it must be.

All this time the party was growing smaller and smaller, as the children, one after another, turned down lanes to their different homes, till there remained only the few who lived on and back of Common Hill, — Miss Owens, Fanny, Katy, and Rob, Hiram Jones and Spencer Hall, who seemed to have taken a great fancy to Katy, and said the sponge-cakes she had brought in her basket were a great deal better than any a New York baker could ever make.

Lumbering on before them, was a great wagon drawn by red oxen, and loaded with corn, going home from the field.

"That 's grandpa's wagon," said Katy. "Maybe Tim 'll let us have a ride. Tim, Tim!" she called, "mayn't we have a ride?"

"Faith an' you may thin," said Tim, smiling down at her as she ran up to the wagon. "Who 'd be sayin' no, to the likes o' you?"

"All of us, I mean," said Katy. "We all want a ride."

"All but me," said Miss Owens. "I must go on to the post-office."

"Up with yees," said Tim; "if 't was a full load I would n't be lettin' yees, but it 's the last o' the field."

Up the children scrambled, in among the sweet-smelling corn-sheaves; and the patient oxen pulled on, up the hill, through the lane, to the door of grandpa's barn. Tim tossed the children in at the great bay-window on the second floor, and they tumbled down through the hay to the floor below; and then, as it was getting really late, and there was the Sunday-school lesson for to-morrow to think of, said good-by to each other, and went home, every child declaring it was the nicest picnic that ever had been. What do you think?

Katy hung her wreath around a little picture in her room, and the bright colors lasted till each leaf shrivelled up. Finally one day a sharp wind blew in and carried it away, never to be seen again, but Katy never forgot about it.

CHAPTER VI

NOVEMBER came at last. Every leaf that had held on tight to the bough till Jack Frost nipped so hard it could n't cling another minute, fluttered down to join the great company gone before. The autumn winds came rushing among them, whirling them over and over, till each one was so crisp and brown you never could have seen any difference between them, but would have said every one was the same size and every one from the same tree. Grandpa's House, you know, stood on a hill, with three terraces in front and paths winding all the way down, with great trees on either side; while long flights of steps ran right up the middle of each terrace, if one did not want to follow the paths. Now these paths were filled with leaves, brown and dry, as I have said, and Rob and Katy ran down through them, kicking them into great piles, and then

throwing them up for the wind to blow about again. Half-way down the path, around the second terrace, was a little arbor, with a seat on each side and an old-fashioned honeysuckle growing over it, which made it very sweet in the summer. Rob would stand in the very middle of this arbor and Katy would rush down through the leaves, kicking just as many as she could into it; till, after ten minutes or so of this fun, Rob was almost covered up. Then she would bring enough in her arms to complete the work, and after hiding him entirely, she would run away to the top of the second terrace and cry out, "I am sure I hear a bear! Dear, dear! there is a bear here, I know!"

Then Rob would kick about and growl dreadfully, making a terrific noise among the leaves. Katy, hearing him, would say, "Oh he 's coming! I hear him so plain! Where shall I go? I guess I'll hide in the arbor."

And down Katy would run, and out the bear would pounce, and such a rolling over in the leaves, and such growls, and such

squeals! Dear me! It makes me quite warm to think of it now.

This particular day, it happened that Katy, for almost the first time in her life, was left all alone. Aunt Katy and mamma and Rob were spending the day at Springfield. Grandma had said she should be so lonesome if Katy went too, that Katy had consented to stay at home, thinking to herself, Fanny Lawrence might come in, and a tea-party be the result. Through the morning, she played alone, but after dinner ran over to ask Fanny to come at once. What was her disappointment when Mrs. Lawrence said, "Fanny has gone off with her father, and will not be home till night."

She walked back slowly, kicking the leaves before her as she went, but there was no fun in that, all by herself; so she felt very lonely, until in a minute a bright idea came into her head, and she ran as fast as she could to grandma's room, and called, "Grandma, grandma! Marion Morton's never been up here to tea; may n't I go and get her, 'cause I 'm all alone?"

Grandma never liked to refuse, but to-day the girl was away, the cake-pot quite empty, her head ached, and altogether, a strange child there to tea seemed something she could n't quite make up her mind to. So she said, "Not to-day, dear. Some other time you may," and lay back on her lounge.

"Dear, dear, dear!" said Katy, "I do believe I can't ever have any thing I want;" and she went slowly back to the little arbor, where she and Rob played Bear; and from which she could plainly see the street.

A pedler's wagon passed, painted bright red, drawn by white horses, and Katy wondered what was inside. Then Peter Perkins went by, rattling a stick over the fence pickets and swinging a tin pail. After Peter, came the minister, with his hands crossed behind him, taking his afternoon walk, toward the river.

"I guess I 'll go to walk," said Katy; and she was out of the gate in two minutes, going toward the house where old Mrs. Morton, Marion's grandmother, lived.

Marion was a little girl, just about Katy's age, who had never been in Windsor before this summer; a delicate little city child, with a fashionable mother, who dressed her beautifully, and then let the nurse take care of her. All the little girls were crazy over her, because she had such a pretty face and such fine clothes. As Katy walked along, she thought to herself, "I do believe grandma meant she might come, 'cause she said 'another time,' and that means she can come some time. Grandma does n't care even if a lot come, and I know she won't if it 's a teenty girl."

Katy had reached Mrs. Morton's gate and, hardly hesitating, she opened it and ran up to the front door. Marion opened it and was so glad to see her Katy forgot all doubts, and when Marion's mother came in, asked at once, "May n't Marion go home with me to tea?"

"She is n't dressed," said Mrs. Morton, "but nurse can dress her. Yes, I think she may."

So Marion was taken up-stairs, followed by Katy, who watched the putting on of

a little scarlet skirt and black velvet jacket with a white waist underneath, and wondered how she should feel if she wore such clothes every day.

When fairly on the way to grandma's, Katy began to feel troubled, and hardly spoke a word. As they neared home, she looked more and more uncomfortable, until, when they had gone through the gate and round the terraces as far as the arbor, she sat down, half ready to cry.

"How queer you do act," said Marion. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," said Katy. "Let's play down here."

So they began to play; but in a few minutes Marion said, "I want to go in. Let 's go in now and see your dolls."

Katy knew very well, now she stopped to think, that grandma would be displeased at her disobedience. It would never do to take Marion in, but what else to do with her she could n't think. "Oh it's nicer down here!" she said. "I guess we 'll stay here."

But Marion would have nothing less

than going into the house, and began to walk up toward the door.

"Don't, Marion," said Katy. "Do stay here."

But Marion did not stop; and finding she would go on, Katy cried out, "Grandma don't want you! She did n't say I could ask you! You must n't go in!"

"What?" said Marion, turning about quickly.

"I say you must n't go in, 'cause grandma don't want you," said Katy, so ashamed it seemed as though she must go right through the ground.

"Oh," said Marion, "I guess I won't go where I 'm not wanted! You 're a mean, hateful thing, Katy Stuart, and don't you ever come to my house again;" and Marion flounced down the path, toward the gate.

"Oh, don't go away!" cried Katy, quite desperate. "Let 's go somewhere else. Let 's go see Laura Kendall. They most always have short-cake for tea — Laura says so."

"Do they?" said Marion, softening a little. "If you was n't so mean, I 'd go with you."

"I ain't mean," said Katy. "Grandma said you was to come another time, and that means most right away; and we 'll have fruit-cake and ice-cream, maybe."

"Well!" said Marion, pleased with this prospect, "then let 's go to Laura's now."

So they ran down toward the river road, where Laura lived, and made up friends again on the way.

The short November afternoon was turning to gray twilight as they went in at the gate; and very much astonished was Mrs. Kendall when she opened the door and found these two midges all alone on the steps. "Why, Katy Stuart!" she said, "is anybody sick?"

"No, ma'am," said Katy. "We 've come to stay to tea, with Laura."

"Oh, you have! have you?" said Mrs. Kendall, doubtfully. "Well! run in and I 'll see about it."

In the sitting-room they found Laura, a pale little girl, who had always been sick a great deal, and who was glad to see them. After seeing how pleased Laura was, Mrs. Kendall told the children, "I guess you

can stay, little ones," and then started off to the kitchen, from whence there came, by and by, a delicious smell of short-cake.

"There! did n't I tell you so?" said Katy, who had at first felt almost angry that anybody should hesitate about having *her* stay to tea. "I knew we should have short-cake."

Laura set the table, and presently Mr. Kendall came in — a great big man, who had a romp with the children at once, and tickled Katy, till she almost choked to death, laughing. Then tea came, and as Katy was the smallest one there, Laura's high-chair was brought down and Katy seated in it. With a cup of real tea before her, hot buttered short-cake on her plate, and fresh gingerbread in prospect — lost in happiness, she forgot all her troubles, and grandma too.

And now let us see what grandma was doing. Katy had always been out-of-doors so much that she thought very little about her, till the day was almost ending. Then, fearing the child might take cold, she went first to the front door and then to the back, calling "Katy! Katy!"

No Katy answered, and grandma, who thought she must be in at Mrs. Lawrence's, after waiting awhile, walked round to the gate, between, and went in, only to learn, much to her astonishment, that Katy had n't been there since early afternoon.

"Where can she be?" thought grandma, quite frightened and not knowing what to do — until hearing the sound of wheels, she went out to the back gate to see grandpa, who had been in Cornish all day and just then got home.

"Have you seen Katy anywhere?" asked grandma, anxiously. "She is n't to be found high nor low."

"She is down in the meadow, I dare say," said grandpa. "Don't be worried; I 'll go and see."

While he was gone, grandma walked about the place, and then into the house and all over it, calling "Katy! Katy!" but Katy was not within hearing.

Grandpa came up from the meadow, looking troubled, and asked, "Have you found her?"

When grandma answered "No," he

stood still a minute, thinking, and then said, "She must have run away, though she never did such a thing before. Where can she be? I hope she has n't gone to the river."

Then grandma began to cry. "Oh, Edward! suppose she has fallen in and nobody to pull her out."

"Come, come, wife!" said grandpa, "you must n't think of such a thing. Of course she never would go to the river. She is at some of the little girls' houses."

"Sure enough!" said grandma. "Why did n't I think? She wanted that little Marion Morton up here, and I told her 'no.'"

"Then she went there, depend upon it, and I 'll have her home in no time." And poor grandpa took his cane and hurried down the steps, fast as rheumatism would let him, while grandma sat in her room and waited.

No Katy at the Mortons', but Mrs. Morton much surprised that she had come for Marion without permission, and disposed to call her a very bad little girl.

Then she was frightened about Marion, and sent Bridget, the nurse, all over to look for her.

Bridget followed close behind grandpa, wringing her hands and sobbing, "Oh the day, the day, the day!"

Grandpa walked on, thinking where to look next, going down toward the river, until he met old Mr. Burbanks coming up. "I'm looking for my little grandchild, Mr. B.," said he — "little Katy Stuart. You have n't seen any thing of her, have you?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Burbanks, who lived right opposite the Kendalls, — "yes, come to think, I saw her going in at the Kendalls' gate, two or three hours ago — she and another little gal."

"Thank you," said grandpa; and thinking to himself, — "This is queer work for Katy," he hurried on and rapped at the Kendalls' door.

"Well now, to be sure!" said Mrs. Kendall, "I'm glad you've come after Katy, Squire, for it's getting late for her. Come in and have a cup of tea;" and grandpa, walking into the supper-room, saw the

sight I have told you of,—Katy, with her real tea and her short-cake.

On seeing grandpa standing in the door, Katy immediately began to cry so loud that Mr. Kendall dropped his cup and spilt the hot tea over his legs. "What on airth!" he cried, jumping up — "what on airth is the matter?"

Grandpa could n't help smiling, do what he would, as he answered,— "Katy 's been a naughty girl and run away, neighbor Kendall. Her grandmother and all of us have been very much frightened about her."

Bridget had pounced on Marion, and was busy now putting on her sack, scolding between each button.

"Well, if ever I did!" said Mrs. Kendall. "Did n't anybody know where either of 'em was?"

"No, ma'am; we 've been looking for Katy nearly an hour. I 'll tell you all about it to-morrow, but now I must hurry Katy home, for her grandmother is very anxious about her." And grandpa, taking Katy's hand, walked up the hill, fast as her

little legs could carry her, and spoke not a word on the way.

Grandma was in the door and about to hug Katy as they came up, so glad was she to see the lost child safe and sound. But grandpa said, "No; she 's a very naughty girl, and can't be kissed."

He led her into their room, and seated her in his great chair. "There!" said he; "feet that can't stay in the right place any better than these, must be tied up."

Out of the string-bag came a long cord, with which grandpa tied those two small balmorals together; and then he sat down with a little twinkle in his eyes, as Katy stuck them straight out before her and looked at them solemnly, trying not to cry.

Her punishment had hardly lasted five minutes, when mamma, Aunt Katy, and Rob came in, cold and forlorn, after their bleak ride. Then Katy did cry, sure enough — for never was any one more astonished than mamma, when she heard the story. And Rob went dancing round the great chair, pretending a little wild girl was fastened there, who had just been

caught in the woods, and might bite if he came too near.

Poor Katy! She was untied presently and taken to bed; and after she had been undressed and said her little prayer, she put her arms around mamma's neck and had her cry all out. "Truly, surely! I never will do so again," she sobbed.

"I hope you never will," answered mamma. "We cannot trust you away from our sight, if you do; and I am afraid grandpa and grandma will always be troubled after this, when you are out alone. Think how badly you made poor grandma feel, this afternoon."

"I 'll promise not to, ever any more," cried Katy, "and I don't break promises."

"Well!" said mamma, "I think you *are* a good little girl, about that." And so Katy, quite comforted, was soon fast asleep.

Next morning she told grandpa and grandma she was ever so sorry, and would never do so again. And I truly do not think she ever did. As for Mrs. Morton, she soon forgot all about the runaway; and when Marion was really asked to tea, at Grandpa's House, let her go at once.

CHAPTER VII.

It was Wednesday afternoon, and what do you think they were doing in Miss Owens' school? Every girl there was making patch-work, just as fast as she could — not cunning little pieces, put together in star pattern or rising-sun pattern, with tiny, overhand stitches, but great squares, run together with coarse thread. Even Katy had her pieces, and was knotting her thread and breaking her needle and losing her thimble, just as every little girl has done, in learning to sew, since the world began. The boys, poor fellows, could n't sew, because boys don't know enough; but they could scrape lint, and so they all had out their jack-knives, scraping away, trying who should get the most done — just as the girls were trying who should sew the most pieces. Miss Owens sat in her great chair, reading aloud "Swiss Family Robinson," — stop-

ping now and then to walk down among the girls and see how the work came on.

Now, where were the spelling-books? Why were n't the children saying the Multiplication Table? And was n't this a queer sort of school — and a queerer teacher?

Not at all. This patch-work was soon to be put together in warm quilts for the sick soldiers in hospital; and the lint would help to make their poor wounds ache a little less. Working in the trenches before Vicksburg had filled the hospitals with sick men; and now, as Thanksgiving was coming on, every family almost meant to send them a box or barrel. And the well soldiers were not to be forgotten either.

School was to be out at half-past two, and then Katy's special friends among the boys and girls were going home with her to Grandpa's House. There, three sets of quilting-frames stood in three different rooms, and the ladies who belonged to the Soldiers' Aid Society would finish up to-day, not only the quilts, but lots of warm

shirts and drawers beside, for this was the last working day before Thanksgiving.

The children did not generally go to the Soldiers' Aid Meetings, but this, as I have said, was to be the last one for some time. Then, as vacation began on Saturday, and Katy would see but little more of the boys and girls through the winter, she begged that they might come "just once," and that it might be "everybody's meeting" to-day. And grandma said "Yes, if they would all play in the garret, and not trouble anybody at work down-stairs."

Mamma promised to keep an eye on the children; though how she was to do it and run the sewing-machine all the time, I don't know.

So in the afternoon nearly a dozen children came trooping in at the back gate. And Miss Temperance Perkins, — Lucy's aunt, — who sat by the window, turning hems, shut her lips very tight and looked severe when she saw them. "She would n't have such doings, she was sure, at a sewing-meeting; children running round in everybody's way. Mrs. Stuart

acted just as if the whole world was made for children. She guessed she'd find, when Katy got older, that she could n't do any thing with her."

All this was said in a sharp whisper, to old Aunt Patty Simmons, who was knitting a blue yarn stocking. Aunt Patty being very deaf, did n't understand Miss Tempy, and only said, "Yes, dear; it 's a mercy we can all do *something*."

At this, Miss Tempy spoke up very loud, "What a pity it is you do get so deaf, Aunt Patty."

"All the better," answered Aunt Patty. "I don't hear slander and back-bitin' near as much as I used to; so it 's all for the best, I guess."

Miss Tempy drew herself up a moment, but Aunt Patty sat so quietly, it could n't have been that she meant any thing to be offended at, and so the hems went on again.

When the children's things were off and laid on Katy's bed, the whole party ran up-stairs to the garret, where they were to play until it became too cold, in the

evening; then they would go down to Nancy, in the kitchen, and she was to give them their supper on the long ironing-table; while grandma, mamma, and Aunt Katy, cared for the older people in the dining-room. Spencer Hall — who had n't gone back to New York yet — and Johnny Adams, at once began a search through all the queer rooms and closets for curiosities; coming out from unexpected places, every now and then, all over dust, and going back into more corners full of cobwebs before anybody had a chance to brush them. Katy brought up all her dolls for the girls to play with. And Laura Kendall found an old-fashioned green silk hood, which she drew on over her head, like a chaise-top, saying she was a hundred years old and must n't be spoken to nor touched.

Spencer Hall came out from somewhere, wearing an old blue coat with brass buttons; followed by Johnny, with a pair of spurs and a rusty sword. They pretended they were Ethan Allen and General Stark, and were having a dreadful fight with the

Indians. The Indians were two broomsticks at first, but afterward Rob and Peter Perkins made savages of themselves, by painting their faces with red and blue, from Katy's paint-box, and sticking turkey feathers in their hair. When they came rushing and howling to the fray, there was such a terrible racket that the little girls thought they ought to be frightened, so they ran off to the furthest corner of the garret. Then the Indians laid a plan to steal Fanny, and shut her up in the smoke-closet, where all the hams were hanging, until Ethan Allen and General Stark would make a treaty of peace. And to keep the fierce fellows from making a prisoner of Fanny, the girls had Katy creep down-stairs with her to a place of safety.

Katy and Fanny walked along the upper hall till they came to the North chamber door, which stood wide open. Looking in, they saw such an array of bonnets on the bed, they could n't help going in for a nearer view. Fanny knew just whose they were, and they walked around the bed, touching the brightest

strings, and wishing they could wear bonnets, too. "Let's try some of 'em on," said Katy. "You get a chair and I 'll get a chair, and we 'll both stand up before the glass and see which looks the best."

"Somebody 'll come," said Fanny.

"No, they won't," answered Katy. "They 're every one sewing; and besides, they would n't care, either."

So the chairs were put before the old mirror, and Fanny brought a lot of the bonnets to the toilet table. Then the two climbed up and tried them on, beginning with poor Aunt Patty Simmons' black coal-scuttle.

By and by they came to a very fine one — blue silk, with a dozen red roses inside and out; for, in those days, the bonnets stood up ever so far above the forehead, and were sometimes covered with flowers, clear to the top.

"Whose is that?" said Katy.

"Why, it 's Miss Tempy Perkins', to be sure. Don't you know how she sits up in church, with that biggest rose standing right up straight — so," and Fanny held up her head, very high and stiff.

"Oh, let me put it on," said Katy. Fanny handed it to her and turned to another, while Katy tied the blue strings under her chin. She was just admiring herself in the glass, when suddenly she was seized by the shoulder.

"Pretty doings, I do think," said a sharp voice. "This is the way you go on when you are left alone, is it? Now you come right down-stairs to your mother."

Katy was dragged off down to the South parlor, where her mother looked up in astonishment as Miss Tempy pushed her in and sat her down so hard that the red roses danced.

"What does this mean?" said mamma.

Lucy Perkins came out from behind her aunt. "Katy and Fanny ran away from us," said she, "and I thought they was dreadful still, so I came down and looked in all the rooms, and there they was a-tryin' on bunnits; and when they both put on Aunt Tempy's, I jest run and told her."

Quite a stir went through the room as Lucy spoke. Trying on all those bonnets?

What might not have happened to them? — and two or three old ladies went up to look.

"Why, Katy, how could you do so?" said mamma. "I thought I could trust you alone."

"Trust her?" sniffed Miss Tempy. "I guess it's the last time I come into this house, if you have such goings on and don't give her a good spanking."

"Don't be too fierce, Tempy," spoke up old Aunt Patty. "When you was a little gal, — forty year ago and more, — I was to a parin' bee, at your father's house, and you cut the yaller strings off my best bunnit, 'cause you wanted 'em for a pincushion. Yes, and what's more, you hid 'em, and your mother could n't make you give 'em up, either. What you once got hold on, Tempy, you was allus sure to hold tight to, — and that was the end o' my yaller strings. Yaller was very becomin' to me." And Aunt Patty sighed a little, as she walked back to the window-seat.

Miss Tempy turned very red as she took

her bonnet from Katy and put it on, stalking toward the door. "I've done about all I'm going to do to-day, for soldiers or anybody else, if this is the way I'm to be treated."

"Don't go, I beg of you," said mamma, getting up and going to her. "I'm very sorry this has happened, and Katy is sorry, too, I'm sure; are n't you, Katy?"

"Yes, mamma," said Katy, "I'm real sorry. Please to don't be angry, Miss Perkins."

Miss Perkins felt very sour at first, but when grandma and Aunt Katy apologized, too, and asked her to stay, she finally consented and came back.

Katy was put in one window-seat and Fanny in another, and both told they must sit very still, for twenty minutes. Katy first looked out of the window, where she could see nothing but trees, and then at the quilt, which two ladies were marking with a piece of string rubbed with chalk. After stretching the string tightly across the quilt they snapped it in the middle, leaving a nice white line, to show where the stitches should go. Then she looked

under the quilt and thought how nicely she could keep house there ; and wondered if she could stand up straight under there, feeling almost sure she could.

When the twenty minutes were over, Fanny raced up-stairs to tell the other children the whole story. But Katy, forgetting all about her company, stood still a moment looking at the quilt. Then, slipping down behind a chair, when nobody saw her, she crawled quietly under the frames. It was certainly very queer to be under there — nobody knowing any thing about it — and hear the scissors snip off threads, and the thimbles click as the needles pushed up through the thick cotton.

Pretty soon, Katy began to be tired of crouching on the floor and began to rise up : first to her knees ; then a little higher and a little higher ; until — quite sure she could stand up straight — she raised her head. Bump it came, against the quilt, and away went the spools — and — "Gracious goodness, what 's that ?" said one of the ladies.

Katy dropped like a shot, whisked out between the chairs, and ran as if Miss Tempy were after her.

"One o' them children," said Aunt Patty. "I did n't jest see which one."

"I did," thought mamma, but she said never a word, as she arose, smiling all to herself, and went to see about tea. Mamma remembered how she felt in her own child days, better than Miss Perkins did, and Katy never was scolded for getting under the quilt.

"You 're a nice one now, ain't you, Katy Stuart?" said Spencer Hall, as Katy, with red cheeks and shining eyes, sprang up the old stairs. "Guess I 'll go off and leave you, when you come to see me. Ain't we never going to have supper? I 've eaten two whole Indians and the soles of my boots, and 'taint half enough."

"Oh, you have, have you?" shouted Rob, suddenly rising up from a corner. "You 're the feller that eats up Indians, are you? You just come on now and try it, that 's all!"

Then there was another tumbling and

screaming time, which lasted till old Nancy's voice was heard at the foot of the stairs — "If these young uns ain't the noisiest set. You Katy Stuart! come right along now — and every one with you. Your tea 's ready."

Slam-bang went the four boys down the stairs and the girls after them, almost as bad I 'm afraid — and bang again down the back stairs, into the kitchen, where the great ironing-table stood.

It was a rule at the soldiers' aid meetings to have only bread and butter, tea and coffee, and one kind of cake, so that no one would feel it a great expense to have the meetings at their house. But Nancy said the children were different, they ought to have more — thinking in her own mind that nothing could be too good for Katy and Rob, though Katy came first. So Nancy had her own way; and while Joanna, the other girl, handed round bread and butter and cup-cake to the big people, ten little sinners in the kitchen had "sandwidges," as good as Peter Perkins', and milk, and snaps, and charm-

ing hearts and rounds. Nancy's shining black face was one great grin as she waited on them; though, having heard of the bonnet business, she tried to look very solemn whenever Katy's eyes turned her way.

When supper was over, the ten crowded on to the wooden settle, near the old chimney; while Nancy packed a basket for Aunt Patty Simmons, who never went away from Grandpa's House without taking something good. Miss Tempy came to the door and called Peter and Lucy, and looked as though she thought they were having better times than herself.

When they were gone, Johnny Adams jumped up and walked clear across the kitchen floor, on his hands. "Pete, I can stand," said Johnny; "but that Lucy, with her red head and her sneaking ways — she 'll be just as bad as old Temp when she gets grown up."

"Who is 'old Temp?'" said a voice in the hall. And Spencer Hall, who had been preparing to stand on his head, sat down again briskly to hear what was coming.

"Old Temp Perkins," said Johnny. "I hate her. She is always scolding, and snooping and sneaking round! And Lucy's just like her! I don't see what Katy wants to have her here for, any way."

"I don't like Lucy, myself," said grandpa, coming in and sitting down among them. "I'm very sure I don't like Miss Temperance, but I'm very sorry for her, so sorry that I'm quite as much inclined to treat her well as if I did like her."

"Well now, how's that?" asked Spencer Hall. "What makes you so sorry for her?"

"Because she has always had an unhappy, fault-finding temper, for one thing," said grandpa. "She can't look on the bright side of things; and then, she has nobody to love her dearly."

"She does n't deserve to be loved," said Johnny.

"Don't say that about anybody," said grandpa, very seriously. "Nobody knows what Miss Tempy might have been, if, all through her childhood and after-life, people had been tender and gentle with her.

Instead of that, she was the oldest of a large family; and her father, who was a drinking, swearing, violent man, treated her like a brute. He repented it afterward when she nursed him through his last dreadful sickness — day after day and night after night, until he died. She has had a hard life of it, all the way through, and though she may be cross and disagreeable now, you little ones, who are happier than she has ever been, must try not to say ugly things about her, but be as patient with her as you can. Now, what do you suppose I came out here for?"

"To give it to me, for being hateful," said Johnny.

"To tell us a story," said Rob.

"Once more; and then, if it is n't right, I 'm very much afraid I shall have to use them all, myself."

"Use what, sir?" asked Spencer; but Rob had caught sight of something sticking out from grandpa's pocket, and shouted, "I know! I know! It 's straws! We 're all going to suck cider together."

"Straws?" said grandpa, looking very

innocent, "I don't see any straws. Seems to me though, now I think of it, I did have one or two in my pocket. Why, where can they be?" And while Rob held the straws behind him, grandpa shook his coat-tails and danced about, as if trying to make them fall out from somewhere; and then, when Rob was n't expecting it in the least, rushed at him and turned him up-side-down. But Rob held on tight to his straws, and as soon as he had got his wits together again, passed them round to all the children. Meantime, Nancy had lighted a lamp and opened the cellar door; and everybody scrambled down as fast as the darkness would let them.

What a cavernous old place it was! Half-a-dozen different rooms, — what for nobody could tell; bins on bins of apples and potatoes; and five cider barrels, all in a row, behind which Johnny and Spencer presently disappeared. Mamma came down for a minute and took a straw, saying she was going to be a little girl too; and grandpa sat down on the cellar-stairs, and took her on his lap and rocked her,

singing "Hush a-by, baby, on the tree top." Mamma laughed and said it was ridiculous, and grandpa might a good deal better be packing the barrels for the soldiers; and everybody had n't gone yet, and what would they think?

Grandpa said she had better run right up-stairs and find out; and he would suck some more cider with the children.

But the children had had about enough, so all went up-stairs together and sat down on the old settle. By and by grandma came out, and then Aunt Katy; and after the company had all gone, mamma came back; so then, everybody in Grandpa's House was in the old kitchen, round the fire.

Katy had snuggled down at grandpa's feet, so comfortable she was almost asleep.

"Come, come!" said grandpa. "Every one of these children must go home. It 's almost half-past seven o'clock, and that 's Katy's bed-time, you know."

"Oh dear! I do wish I did not have to go to bed," sighed Katy.

"Boo, boo-oo!" came in a voice from

outside; and two fiery eyes glared in at each of the windows. Katy saw two tremendous heads, with wide-open, flaming mouths and these dreadful eyes, and oh, how frightened she was! All the little girls began to scream, and then Katy was frightened all the more and cried right out.

"Don't cry!" said grandpa. "Don't you know what they are?"

The door suddenly opened, and the two monsters rushed in. Unluckily though, they were in such a hurry to eat everybody up that they upset each other; and all at once the fiery eyes and the frightful noses and flaming mouths turned into two pumpkins, rolling about, and two pieces of candle, dripping tallow on the nice white floor, and Johnny Adams and Spencer Hall, picking themselves up, looking sheepish.

"Oh," groaned Katy, "I thought they was fairies, come because I'd been a-wishing. Do take me to bed, please mamma. I don't want to have company any longer."

"Sit up and say good-night, first," said mamma.

So Katy kissed the little girls, and grandpa put her into mamma's lap and then started to take the other children home. Fanny lived next door, you know, and Julia and Mary Otis at the foot of the hill; so grandpa was soon back again.

Everybody was now in the South parlor; Patty sitting up a little longer, because she had been frightened, and concluded that after all she did not want to go to bed just yet. Mamma sat at the piano and played and sang "The Frog who would a-wooing go," and "Three blind Mice," and more songs, for Katy and Rob. As she played on, she forgot all about them, and sang "The Mistletoe Bough," and "Auld Robin Gray," and then "The Land o' the Leal."

There was no lamp in the parlor, and the fire-light sent long shadows dancing up and down the wall. Mamma's voice went on softer and sweeter, and then ceased, — and the room was very still. Grandpa lay in his great arm-chair with closed eyes, holding grandma's hand, and went back, years and years, until he

thought he was young again. Rob, curled up in his mother's lap, and Katy, with her little brown head resting against the old sofa, were very still too. They were both in dreamland, — that pleasant land where old people and children are young alike. Let us leave them there, now, for sweeter sleep will never come to Katy, and if the soldier papa, far away to-night, could see her now, he would only whisper "Good-night, little daughter," and bless her sweet face as he laid it on her pillow.

CHAPTER VIII.

WINTER was coming on, surely. All day Tim raked up dead leaves, piled them into the wheelbarrow, and with Rob or Katy perched on each load, wheeled them round the long paths, up to the cellar windows. Then he made a bank of the leaves and packed them down tightly against the house, so that Jack Frost could not come in and nip the apples and potatoes in grandpa's cellar. Grandma brought out balls of listing and tacked strips around all the doors; the double-windows were put in; the wood-house was running over with piles of nicely split wood, and the fire-light danced on the polished andirons. Then came the first snow — white and still. And then — all at once — where had the winter gone?

Surely, that was a bluebird in the apple-tree. And the daffodils — was it really

time to look for daffodils? Yes, — there they were, their little green heads just peeking through the ground, in the flower beds on the south side of the house. The winter was gone again, and all Katy could remember of it was a jumble of sled-rides and sleigh-rides; long plays with her dolls and with Rob, in the old rooms; candy parties and sticky door-knobs; and grandpa's stories by the fire-side in the evening. And here it was, the last of March already, and the first of April would bring school-days once more.

Having no brothers nor sisters, Katy had been a lonely little girl until Rob came — and this was the reason why such a wee thing had been going to school; mamma thinking it very needful that she should be with children of her own age. Katy was much more fond of playing than of spelling, which was just as it should be; and Miss Owens was very willing to keep her in words of three letters, and give her a recess every hour. Not having such hard times, going to school, as some of us did when we were little ones, Katy en-

joyed it much, and had missed it a good deal during the winter, when there were many days that she had to stay at home. Rob went every day, storm or shine, and wore out, nobody knows how many pairs of red mittens, not to say any thing about the cow-hide boots. In pleasant weather, when the snow was firm and hard, he drew Katy on his sled; and then sometimes she coasted down the school-house hill, growing bold enough at last to go down all alone, which was thought by the little girls to be a very fine and unusual thing to do.

Now the snow was almost gone, and on this particular day of early spring about which I mean to tell you, Katy stood in the back-yard, near the wood-house, pulling on her mittens and watching Rob, whom she could see through the window of grandma's room, as he jerked his arms into the sleeves of his overcoat, which was now most too small for him. The sun was shining brightly on the patches of snow in the fence corners; and about the old well, were just the faintest signs of

green grass. In the barn was heard a great stamping, as the two horses were brought out and hitched up to the farm-wagon which stood before the barn door. "Hurry, Rob!" called Katy. "Grandpa's most ready."

Out tumbled Rob, coming down all three of the back steps at one jump, while mamma and Aunt Katy followed more slowly; and then Fanny Lawrence came round the corner, with Johnny Adams for company. What were they all going to do? Tim brought out great armsful of hay and filled the body of the wagon; and then grandpa handed in mamma and Aunt Katy with as much grace as if he were going with them to a ball. Then the children all piled in and — would you believe it? — everybody sat right down on the bottom of the wagon, except grandpa, who had a little seat in front. After they were all in, he chirruped to the horses, and off they went, through the village, down to the river road, stopping a moment for Laura Kendall, and then on, to the long bridge, where the toll-keeper

stared a little as he said "Good-day, Squire! Goin' to the sugar-bush?"

Grandpa nodded and drove on, up the hill from the river, coming to a meadow filled with gray ledges of rock, through which a road wound up into the woods beyond. Grandpa jumped out, took down a pair of bars and led the horses through, and bumpity-bump went the wagon over the stones, across the field up to the woods, and there stopped.

"Here we are," said grandpa. "Now, children, out with you, and we 'll walk up to the sugar-house."

"The sugar-house?" said Katy. "You called it the 'sugar-*bush*,' grandpa."

"You 're in the sugar-bush, now. That 's the sugar-house, up there, where you see the smoke."

"Why, there is n't a single bush here," persisted Katy — "nothing but lots of trees."

"Well, that 's the bush," smiled grandpa. "Wherever there is a grove of maple trees large enough for tapping, the farmers call it a 'sugar-bush.'"

"What is 'tapping?'" asked Rob.

"Why, I thought you and Katy knew all about maple-sugar making," said grandpa.

"Well, I thought," said Katy, "when you told us we were coming to the sugar-bush, you meant a bush with sugar on it, and we could have all we wanted."

If Johnny Adams had heard this, Katy would have seen no peace the rest of that day, but luckily he had run on with Rob, so there was no one to laugh at her. As grandpa told her all about sugar-making, they walked on through the woods, till suddenly they came out into some cleared land, with a log house in the middle. Tall trees stood all about, each having a wooden bucket at the foot, into which the sap was dripping from the end of a little wooden trough — drop by drop from some trees, and a steady little stream from others. Further up the hill Katy saw a sled drawn by oxen, on which was a great hogshead, where the man who drove the oxen seemed to be emptying the sap-buckets. Mamma, who had gone on to the log house, was talking with some one inside, and

Katy ran over there and looked in. A long, low, brick furnace stood in the middle of the house, in front of which sat a man on a wooden stool, feeding the fire. On the furnace stood two immense iron kettles, filled with sap, boiling steadily. The very essence of maple-sugar was in the air, and Katy must have looked at the man quite wishfully, for he laughed and said, — "You jest wait awhile, little gal, and you 'll get all you want."

Katy heard Fanny calling, and ran out, to find the man with the ox-sled coming down toward the sugar-house, and all the children running after him — Johnny and Rob tipping up the emptied sap-buckets, to drink the last sweet drops. "Is it good?" asked Katy.

"I bet," answered Johnny. "You just try."

Katy put her head down to a full bucket, and raised it presently, looking very comfortable. "Oh, I should think it was good! Why don't we have it all the time?"

"The trees would die, if you did," said

the man. "It only runs so long, and then you have to stop tappin' and wait till next year. I 'm goin' to empty this load, now, and then I 'll give you a ride on the sled to the next batch of trees."

Jip, who I had forgotten to tell you was with them, began barking furiously, in the woods, and Rob and Johnny dashed off to find him, sure he had got a woodchuck. The girls walked on after the sled; saw the freshly filled buckets emptied into the barrel; drank all the sap they could, and went to look for trailing-arbutus, but found only one tiny spray. Then they rode back again to the sugar-house, finding Johnny and Rob there, with scalloped patty-pans in their hands, very busy about a great lump of frozen snow; while mamma and Aunt Katy seemed to be having a good time with another lump.

"What *are* you doing, Rob?" called Katy.

"Eating mabuble cagndy," gobbled Rob, with his mouth full — and eyes and nose, too, for that matter, for such a sticky boy never was seen.

"Why, you do it just like molasses candy, don't you?" said Katy — watching Johnny as he poured the hot syrup from the patty-pan on to the snow, when it spread out and sunk in and curled up on the edges, and all at once became a crisp, delicious mouthful. The man at the furnace, who was, so Rob said, one of grandma's third cousins, had a large patty-pan ready for Katy, and Johnny Adams brought her a fresh lump of snow. The little girls ate maple candy until the man said there 'd have to be a new sugar-bush set out and a bigger kettle bought and a new man hired to tend it, for, as for him, he was tired of ladling out the best of the syrup into little pans, and then seeing it go down a set of children's throats, — so he was.

Then grandpa came walking in from ever so far up on the hills, and mamma opened a basket which turned out to be full of bread and butter; and grandpa, sitting down, ate slices dipped in the hot sugar, and between times Katy gave him what she called "lovely gobs" of maple

candy. At last grandpa had enough, and everybody else had too, — even Johnny Adams, who wished his pockets were lined with tin, so 't he could carry home all he wanted. And then the children all went up to the top of the hill, for one more run down, before starting for home.

"How far can you jump, Johnny?" said Rob.

"A mile, if my legs was long enough."

"You could n't jump over that," said Rob, pointing to a rock some three or four feet high, about half way down the hill.

"If I could n't do more 'n that, I 'd stop doing any thing," said Johnny, with great disdain. And running swiftly down, he cleared the rock at a bound. "Now I 'll tell you what I can do," said he. "I can jump right over that spruce," — pointing to a young tree, nine or ten feet high, growing almost directly under a ledge of rocks.

"Don't you do it," said Katy. "You 'll break your legs right off."

"No I won 't, you see," said Johnny, who thought to himself he would jump right

on the tree, and, bending it over, swing himself down to the ground, as he had often done on young birches. So, while Katy and the other girls screamed "Don't! Don't!" and Rob looked on with open mouth, Master Johnny ran to the top of the ledge and gave a flying leap, alighting, as he had planned, near the top of the spruce. But the rest of his plan did n't work so well by any means. Instead of bending over, the spruce stood up, stiff and straight, hardly moving under his weight. So there he was, eight or nine feet from the ground; no way of getting back to the ledge, and the scratchy branches and leaves to take his skin off, all the way down. Johnny began the descent, but found it too rasping, and stopped to look about him. Luckily, almost under the tree was a bed of soft, thick moss, such as may be found about rocky ledges all through New England. Johnny spied this soft carpet, and grandpa came up just just in time to see him swing off and drop on it.

"Now he 's dead; oh, suz me! Now he 's

dead!" screamed Katy, cramming her red mittens into her eyes.

"No such a thing," called Johnny, picking himself up — really very thankful to be safely on solid ground again, but making believe it was a very common thing with him and looking very much surprised that anybody should think it was n't. "Ain't you a little goose, Katy Stuart? I could jump ever so much farther if I was a mind to."

"We 'll try you on the big elm, to-morrow, Johnny," said grandpa, "and any of the butternuts that are tall enough to suit; but just now, 't is time to go home."

So they all walked back to the farm wagon, where the man who had been driving the oxen was waiting, and he said he would drive them over; when, to the delight of all the children, grandpa got right in with them, and somehow or other, he found it impossible to sit still, but rolled right into Laura Kendall's lap, and tickled Fanny dreadfully, trying to get up, and pushed Katy over besides. Then it happened, when he did get up, Johnny

and Rob were right under him; and grandpa said he was so anxious about them — where could they be? And when Rob came right out between his knees, with a very red face and hair full of hay, grandpa told him he was a bad boy for pushing Johnny out, and if he behaved so when he was six, what would he do when he was sixteen?

"Act like sixty, just like his grandpa;" called out Johnny, from under the seat, where he had been rolled and almost choked in the hay.

Mamma declared she never had seen such rowdiness, and she was ashamed of them all. And the man on the seat laughed, till he could hardly hold the reins.

When they came to the bridge, grandpa had the driver stop a moment, and they all looked down the river, which had broken up the day before. Great cakes of ice were sweeping down the swift current, and piled up high against the piers of the bridge and on the river's banks.

"The bridge will not be carried off, this year," said grandpa. "Drive on John. My

elephant could get across, well enough to-day."

"Your elephant?" said all the children amazed; while mamma and Aunt Katy laughed.

"Yes, my elephant," said grandpa. "Did n't you know I used to own an elephant?"

"Oh, do tell us about him!"

"What did you do with him?"

"What did you buy him for?"

"Where did you keep him?"

"What did I do with him?" said grandpa. "I drowned him! What did I buy him for? I did n't buy him. Where did I keep him? In ice."

This was too much! Johnny Adams shut his eyes and pretended he did n't care whether he heard about it or not. But the little girls had their eyes just as wide open as could be; and Katy said, "Please tell the truf, grandpa."

"Every word of it true, so far," said grandpa. "The elephant belonged to a worthless fellow, who, though he had a fair start in life, chose to throw it away,

and after trying all sorts of ways to get a living, spent pretty nearly his last money in buying this elephant and a few other animals to show about the country. The tiger and the hyena and the others died off, till at last there was none left but this elephant. I had lent the man a good deal of money at one time, when I had some hopes of him, but of course never expected to get it back again, and was astonished enough one day to hear the man had died and left me this elephant, by way of paying his debt. Mamma there, was a little girl at the time, and begged me to bring it home and put a red tower on it 's back, so that she could ride, like the Hindoo children, in her picture-book.

"By and by I heard of a man in Bellows Falls who was getting up a menagerie and I went down to see him about my elephant, which he said he should be very glad to take. So I engaged one of his men to go up to Hartland for it and drive it down; and went home, very glad to be rid of it.

"Well, a day or two afterward, I was in

the village at the post-office, as it happened, about noon. School was just out and the academy boys were on their way home to dinner, when, all at once, there seemed to be quite a stir and commotion in the village. As I came out of the post-office, people were throwing up their windows; all the storekeepers were out on their steps; and the boys were running down to the end of the street. I looked down — and there was my elephant, walking solemnly along, tied up in an old blanket; for you see, the weather was pretty cold. Everybody in town knew it was my elephant, though I had n't meant they should; but mamma had told all the school children that I had bought her an elephant, to ride all the time, and of course the children told their fathers and mothers.

"One of the boys caught sight of me and sung out 'Hooray for Squire Wardner's elephant!' and those young scamps took it up and every one of them went roaring along, 'Hooray for Squire Wardner's elephant!'

"The elephant did n't mind; not he! He stumped along toward the bridge, and I followed, rather curious to see how he 'd get over. He made no objection to entering the long covered way, and after watching him a few minutes, I turned back toward home.

"Suddenly I heard a shout, and then some boys came rushing up the hill after me. Laura Kendall's father was one of them, and he called out, 'O, Squire Wardner, your elephant has broke through!'

"There was one spot in the floor of the bridge where a board had been broken and the hole poorly stopped up. In fact, the whole floor, just there, was weak and unsafe. Why it had not been mended properly long before, nobody could tell.

"Walking down there fast as possible, I found that in going over this spot, the elephant had really broken through the floor; his two hind legs going down among the trestle-work underneath. The harder he tried to get out, the more the flooring broke away, till at last he got jammed in among the great beams, and there seemed

no way of getting him out. Men came with ropes, and we even had ox-teams brought down to help the poor beast, but 't was no use. He was stuck fast and we could n't stir him; and what to do, we did n't know.

"The river settled the question for us though, that night. The ice had broken up, two or three days before, and the heavy rains and melting snow had swollen the stream so that it rushed along, rising higher and higher every hour.

"People were down the next morning, bright and early, not only to see the poor elephant, but to watch the bridge, which was likely to go off any minute. And about eleven o'clock the grand crash came. The ice had piled up above the bridge until it reached almost to the top of the piers; and then, down came a great field of tremendous cakes, crashing against the over-burdened timbers. The middle pier trembled and swayed; then there was one great roaring sound, and the ice, and the pier, and the centre of the bridge, and the elephant, were all down together, and

that was the last of him. Whether he was stunned and went to the bottom at once, or whether he struggled on, amidst the timbers and ice-cakes until nearly frozen, and then sank, I don't know. At all events, he was gone; and so ended my first and last experience as the owner of an elephant."

So intent were the children and the driver too on this story, that they had driven up to the barn, and all sat there, listening, without thinking of getting out. Grandma who had seen them come up, thought they must be crazy, or else that somebody was dreadfully hurt; and, throwing a shawl over her head, came out to the back gate. By this time though, grandpa had jumped down, and as the children were whisked out, one after another, she made up her mind things were all right, and turned to go in again.

"Such a story, grandma!" said Katy, running after her. "Such a story! All about grandpa's poor, dear elephant."

"So, you've been telling them that, have you?" said grandma, laughing. "Why,

here's Laura Kendall! Why did n't you let her out, on the way up?"

"Forgot it," said grandpa. "Forgot all about it; so, to make up, I 'll let her in, now, and we will all have tea together."

Grandma was ready for anybody, to-day; so they had an early tea, and after tea a wonderful game of blind-man's-buff. They had lots of fun, blinding grandpa; and then, after a while, Katy was blinded, and tumbled round a long time, without catching anybody. She heard a door open, and a little scream from mamma, but thought it was all part of the game, and went on. The room was very still now, and Katy said, "You ain't fair a bit: somebody ought to holler, or something." And then she made a little run, straight forward, coming right up against some one — a man. Grandpa, of course; he was the only man there; and she squealed "Grandpa!"

"No," said some one — "not grandpa."

Katy shrank back, a little; and then, thinking it must be Fanny's father, she felt of his coat, to see if she could tell

whether it was Mr. Lawrence's or not. Whoever it was, knelt down before her, and as her hands wandered up the coat to his face, there were two rows of buttons, and then a beard, and then two arms hugging her, and two lips kissing her; and Katy pulled the bandage from her eyes and saw — Fanny's papa? Not a bit of it. Her own!

CHAPTER IX.

PAPA had been away a year and a half. Katy was such a little girl when he left home, he had been afraid, as the cars brought him nearer and nearer, that she would not remember him; and so when, too happy to say a word, she snuggled her brown head into his neck and just kept still there, he said, "Then you do know papa, little daughter?"

"I dess I do!" said Katy. "Mamma and I always kiss your picture good morning and good night. I do n't see how I could help knowing you."

Papa smiled a little bright smile, as he got up from the floor and sat by mamma, with Katy in his arms.

Joanna had put on Laura's and Fanny's things and gone home with them. Johnny Adams, too, started off at once, thinking to himself all the way home, how splendid it must be to wear such buttons and straps

and such a shining sword ; and how quickly he would enlist if he were only grown up.

So the family in Grandpa's House were left alone ; and all drew up about the fire and listened while papa told about his wound, which it seemed he had received nearly two months before and never said a word about in his letters. Luckily the hurt was in the left arm, and the right had written home just the same as ever, until, finding he must be weak and unfit for duty a long time, he had taken twenty-one days' sick leave and come home, fast as he could. Six days to come and six to return, left very little time for home, but papa said, "I can't be away longer, when the city may be taken any day."

"No hurry, I guess," said grandpa. "You 've been taking it every day for a year, now, and have n't got it yet."

"Come down yourself, sir," said papa, flushing a little, "and see how easy you 'd find it."

"Well, well!" said grandpa. "I suppose we, up here, can't judge very well of such matters, but from the digging you 've done,

it does seem as though the city might be undermined by this time."

Colonel Stuart began a description of some of their difficulties; and Katie leaned against his well arm and listened, till his voice sounded hollow and far off. For a few minutes she was fast asleep, but roused up again, hearing papa say — "The shot came through one of the sight holes in the quaker; as neat a shot as ever I saw. I did n't know I was hit until the blood spurted out from here" — touching his left shoulder. "The bone was so shattered they had to take out some pieces, and so shortened the arm a little; but you 'd hardly know it I think. There 's only half an inch or so difference between the two."

Katy knew but one Quaker, — an old man who lived near Cornish and sold butter and cheese; and when papa said "the shot came through one of the sight holes in the quaker," she thought for some minutes just what that could mean. Making up her mind that a sight hole could n't be any thing but an eye, she

said, "Poor Quaker! Did n't it hurt him dreadfully, papa? And what made it hit you after it went into his eye?"

How papa did laugh! And Katy laughed too, though she did n't know what about.

"The quaker is n't alive, dear," he said, at last. "'T is only a great log which lies on the ground outside of a trench, across the end toward the enemy, and stops the shot the Rebs fire at our men while at work. Holes are bored in this log, large enough to put a spy-glass in and see what the Johnny Rebs are about. There are some men among them, sharp-shooters they are called, who can aim at a man and hit him, too, even through such a little hole as that. 'T was just in that way I got my wound. I was in the trench, standing still at that moment, my shoulder on a line with one of these holes, when sping! came a bullet, straight through, and struck me here, right below the joint."

Katy was most too sleepy to understand perfectly, and even Rob, though he sat up very straight, admiring his soldier

uncle every minute, had nodded half a dozen times. Mamma said 't was a shame to keep the little ones up a minute longer, and indeed, everybody ought to be in bed.

"Nonsense!" said grandpa. And then pulling out his watch and finding 't was five minutes of ten, he snatched up Rob and started off for bed. Mamma put Katy on papa's well arm, and they all made a little procession up the old stairs, both children wide awake now, pleased with the idea of sitting up as long as the big people. Papa was tired after his long journey, and did not go down again, but sat on the edge of the bed with mamma, till Katy's eyes were tight shut and then they went away together to their own room.

How strange it seemed, next morning, to wake up and think who was there. Katy rubbed her eyes, as she sat up in bed, and wondered if 't was not all a dream. But no, there was the tall papa, coming in with mamma, at her door; and after she was dressed, she rode down stairs on his shoulder. And what a gay breakfast they

had that morning — staying such a time at table that Nancy, who had come to the door with Joanna every time she sent in a fresh plate of cakes, appeared once more and asked, "Would n't they please rejourn to the parlor, for she wanted Joän to do up them dishes, before dinner."

In the parlor they sat, the morning through; and one after another the neighbors came in to see the returned soldier. First came Fanny Lawrence's father and mother, who said they could hardly keep away the evening before, but thought they would let them have that first night in peace. Then Doctor Phelps just dropped in, and could n't stay to sit down, he was in such a hurry; so he stood up, talking, over an hour and a half, thinking he was going, every minute. Then the old minister came and more people than I have told you any thing about, as yet; till Colonel Stuart began to look a little flushed and tired and mamma said he must lie down: and then everybody went away. Papa had a long nap, and afterward the family had a late dinner; and,

all at once, the day was gone, and Katy wondered what had become of it, as she went to bed.

Next morning, while papa was gone over to old Judge Putnam's, on some business, Katy went up to the garret, where Rob had been very busy about something, ever since breakfast. He had dragged out an old chest, which he put right in front of the old smoke-closet, and on the back of it had placed a long board, brought in from the wood-house. Behind all this was an empty box, which he called "the trench;" and in his trench, Master Rob was sitting, boring holes in the board, with a very shaky gimlet.

"Hullo, Katy" — said he, as Katy came running up — "I 'm having such a time with these sight holes. I can't get 'em big enough to shoot a pea through."

"What do you want to shoot a pea through, for?" said Katy.

"So 's to take Vicksburg, to be sure," answered Rob. "You see, the ham-closet and the herb-room are going to be Vicksburg. I meant to have it the summer-

house, and dig a real trench, out doors, behind the currant bushes, but the ground ain't thawed yet, and this does most as well. Grandpa gave me a pint o' pease; and Spence Hall and Johnny are both coming over by and by."

"There ought to be somebody in Vicksburg, to shoot back," said Katy.

"That 's just it," said Rob. "Johnny is going to be General Pemberton in the ham-closet, and fire pease through the keyhole; and I want you to go and get Fanny, and you and she go in the herb-room, and maybe grandpa will bore a hole in the door, for you to shoot through. Won't it be fun?"

"I'll go and ask grandpa, now." And off Katy ran; coming back soon, holding grandpa's finger, while he pretended to be doing his best to get away.

"Well, what is it now?" said he. "Do you want me to tear the garret to pieces? or dig up the cellar?"

"Nothin' only to bore a hole," said Rob.

Grandpa, who had the auger all ready, smiled a little to himself, as Rob explained

the plan of attack, and then bored two holes in the herb-room door, just the right height for Katy and Fanny to stand up and blow their pease through.

"If the pease don't hold out till the city is taken, you may have some of those little white beans, in the corner," he said. "What do you think grandma would say to such doings? Boring holes in her doors and using up her beans?"

"Nothin'" — said Rob. "She 'd like it."

"I should n't wonder if she would," said grandpa, going down again, to tell her what the children were doing.

Katy followed, to get Fanny; and about an hour after, such a dreadful siege was going on, that Colonel Stuart, when he came home, heard the roar of the battle and went softly up the garret stairs and sat down where he could see how the war went on.

Rob and Spencer were bravely defending the trench, sending their pease pop against the doors and firing straight at Johnny whenever he dared to put his head out — while Katy and Fanny were giggling so

behind their door that they had n't breath enough left to send their pease three inches beyond it.

"Ain't it most time for me to get wounded?" said Rob. And without waiting for any answer, he popped his head up, above the board and received a shot from General Pemberton right on his crown.

"Ow! Ow! Yow!" he howled, falling over into the box. "My back 's cracked and I 've lost all my brains!" Then suddenly recollecting, he sat right up again. "Why, Spence, we have n't got any doctor — they always have a doctor. What shall we do?"

"I 'll be the doctor," said Colonel Stuart, suddenly appearing, much to the boys' astonishment.

Rob, with a very satisfied look, fell back again and shut his eyes, ready to be taken care of. The Rebels came out, to see what was going on, and were immediately made prisoners, by Spencer Hall. Papa took Katy and Fanny for hospital nurses; and after plastering up Rob's head with a

ten cent currency and mending his back with a five cent one, gave him lemon drop pills for fear that fever might set in. Then there seemed to be great danger from fever in the hospital, all of a sudden, for everybody had to have some of the medicine; and the nurses in passing it round, forgot their duties and would have lost their appetites altogether, if the dinner bell had not rung just as it did. The boys raced home and Fanny too, though grandma asked her to stay.

After dinner, papa went to lie down a little while, and Katy went with him to brush his hair and make him feel sleepy. Callers came pretty soon to see mamma and Aunt Katy; and papa got up and went back to the dining-room. There, seated in the great stuffed chair, with his feet up, he said he was really more comfortable than he had been on the sofa. Katy brought a little stool to the big chair and stood up on it while she brushed papa's dark brown curls — just like those on her own little head. By and by the curls fell over papa's eyes — he turned a little,

toward the side of the chair, and then — he was fast asleep.

As Katy stood watching him and admiring him, she all at once happened to think how funny he would look with his hair braided into tiny tails, such as she had seen on a little darkey boy, a few days before. So she moved the stool round in front of the chair, and after having made a parting nicely in the middle — which was n't at all easy — she began to braid; combing the curls out with such jerks that if papa had n't been used to sleeping in all sorts of uneasy ways, he would have waked up in self-defense.

Braiding was slow work, for Katy had only just learned how; but she worked on patiently, tying up each tail with red marking cotton from grandma's work-basket, until she had made more than a dozen. Then it began to grow less interesting, and she had already thought of stopping, when she heard Rob calling her. Leaving the last little tail half finished, sticking up in a friz, she hurried off to find Rob, and went with him to the

wood-house chamber to crack butternuts, on an old anvil, kept there for that purpose.

Mamma looked into the dining-room, after her company had gone, and, seeing papa fast asleep, went up stairs for her work.

Presently the old knocker at the front door sounded; and papa sat up, suddenly, half thinking he was in camp and the drums were beating. Joanna, coming to the door said — "Please sir, Governor Butler is in the parlor, and wants to see you right away."

Papa was hardly wide awake yet, but having an idea somebody was in a great hurry, started off for the parlor.

Now Governor Butler was an old gentleman who had been governor of the State for several years, and he lived in a very fine house, at the end of the village. Never was there a man so particular as to how he talked, and dressed, and stood, and looked, every minute. He had come, now, on a very special errand; one which he thought would please Colonel Stuart very

much. He sat up very straight in his chair, looking very handsome and dignified, making ready a little speech, in which he meant to tell the Colonel how proud all the town's people were of him, and that they had held a public meeting and passed resolutions inviting him to deliver a lecture in the town hall, describing the siege of Vicksburg and any other interesting things he knew, about the war.

So there sat the Governor, in great state, as I have told you — saying his speech all over, to himself — when the door opened, and in walked papa. A great tall soldier, with all those wonderful little red-tied tails sticking up on one side of his head.

"Bless my soul!" said the Governor, forgetting every word of his speech.

"That's a queer way to meet a man," thought papa to himself, as he stepped forward to shake hands. "I suppose it must be he is surprised to see me looking so thin and used up."

"Bless my soul!" said the old Governor, again, as papa bowed and all the little tails nodded.

Just that minute papa caught sight of himself, in the long glass between the windows. He turned very red, at first, and then tried to explain how it must have happened; but he broke down in the midst of it, and laughed till he cried. The Governor joined in after a moment, and they both went on so, that grandpa came in to see what was the matter, and then he laughed harder than anybody.

When they were composed, at last — and it took a long time — the Governor explained the object of his call. At first papa said, "No; his time at home was too short. He was far from strong and must recruit as fast as possible during his visit: so he really did not think he could undertake to lecture; particularly as he had not made the least preparation."

"Nonsense, Dugald!" said old Doctor Phelps, who had come walking into the room without knocking, as he always did when he had any spare time. "You have sharp eyes in your head, and you 've kept them open, too, wherever you 've been, I 'll be bound. Your tongue is ready

enough, too: just let it tell, in plain English, what your eyes have seen — without any big words or fol-de-rol — and it will be just what we all want to hear, and just what we have n't heard, from anybody."

When mamma came down stairs, she joined in urging that the invitation should be accepted; so at last papa consented; and as it was now Friday, the appointment was made for the following Tuesday, in order to give plenty of time to get ready.

The Governor stopped at the printing-office on his way home; and the next afternoon there were handbills in all the stores and in front of the post-office, with Colonel Dugald Stuart's name displayed in the largest type the printer had. Katy saw them, as she walked down to the village with papa, Saturday afternoon; and Rob read every one aloud as they came to it, thinking to himself "his uncle was about the smartest man that ever was."

When Tuesday came, at last, papa sat a long time writing, and mamma copied the pages in a large, round hand, so that they

could be read easily in the evening. Katy thought all day, how queer it would seem to sit up in the town hall, where she had never been but once, and hear her own father talking just like a minister; and when Joanna asked, "Shall I put Miss Katy to bed at half-past seven, ma'am?" she turned almost purple with indignation.

"I ain't going to bed!" she said, loudly. "I 'm going to hear papa preach."

"I think not, my little daughter," said papa. "I don't begin to 'preach' until eight o'clock, and Governor Butler will make some remarks, and the Union Club are to sing. We may not get through until after ten, and where would Katy be by that time?"

"Sound asleep!" said grandma.

"I would n't!" said Katy, stoutly. "I 'd be awake — wide awake! I would n't go to sleep!"

"I should like to have her go, Dugald," said mamma. "It would be something for her to remember, and even if she does fall asleep, she will always be glad she attended her papa's lecture on the war."

Papa looked up with a pleased smile, saying, "Well! we 'll take her then," feeling glad they had so decided, when he saw the happy look in Katy's face. And so she was made ready at half-past seven, declaring all the time — "how silly it was for anybody to say she would go to sleep."

The town hall not being far from Grandpa's House, they all walked down: papa giving them seats when they arrived, and then walking up to the platform, where the Governor, two ministers, Doctor Phelps, and grandpa were sitting. Katy, looking at her father as he shook hands with the others on the platform, whispered to mamma that he "was just as splendid as a real angel."

The club sang "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and then the Governor got up and talked a good while, in a way which Katy did n't understand at all, ending by introducing "Colonel Dugald Stuart."

Then the people all clapped their hands and the young men stamped on the floor; and papa came forward and bowed and bowed until the audience were still; and

then he began to read. He kept his eyes fast on the written pages at first, but as he went on, began to warm up, and by and by began to look at the audience; and finally, forgetting his notes altogether, he talked right on, telling the people all about the camp before Vicksburg, and the hardships which the soldiers endured there.

Everybody in the hall was deeply interested and sometimes a good deal excited, and every now and then came quite a storm of clapping and stamping. It had made Katy jump when she first heard it, but she soon learned to join her little hands heartily with the others. She sat up very straight, at first, her eyes wide open and her cheeks very red, and looked with the greatest attention at papa. She understood a great deal of what he said; and it certainly was exciting, not only to see and hear him, but to look around, as she finally did, and catch Spence Hall's eye, and see him clap his hands as hard as he could, whenever anybody else did. She saw Miss Owens, too, who smiled at her;

and in different parts of the hall, with their parents, were a good many of the older school-children; and way back near the door was Miss Tempy Perkins; and Katy felt red, as she remembered the bonnet.

Then, for a while, our little girl did n't see much of anything, and when she did open her eyes, 't was only to look straight up at the stars. Real stars, for the lecture was over and she *had* been fast asleep after all, and there she was, now, being carried home in grandpa's arms, the full moon shining down into her face. Before she knew it, off she went again; and when she next opened her eyes, it was to see the sun shining in at her bedroom window, and papa sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Is you all done preaching?" said she: and then was half a mind to cry, as she remembered that she had gone to sleep at papa's lecture in spite of herself. Rob made fun of her at the breakfast table; and said she had lost the best of it all, for they had a vote of thanks at the end, and

such stamping and clapping that papa had to bow three times, and most every one in town came up to shake hands with him.

Mamma said — "Never mind; she had heard a good deal, and, long as she lived, would be glad to think she had gone." So Katy felt comforted and ate her breakfast.

A day or two more, and then 't was time for papa to go. Katy clung hard to him, at the last; and when he had gone, mamma and she sat and cried together; not only that day, but many a day afterward. Now that he had been wounded, mamma could n't feel so safe about him as she had before; and every night, Katy prayed "God bring papa home, *all whole*, without any wound, and never let him go away again."

CHAPTER X.

April had behaved much better than usual, this year, and instead of snapping at each little bud as it put its head out, pinching it most to death, had only given little nips now and then; till, as May drew near, each bud had grown bigger and bigger, and, if the sun did his duty, would be in full leaf within a week. The grass grew green by the road-side; tender wild-wood plants unfolded wee blossoms, in sunny places; in the spring wind, growing softer day by day, grandma's blue hyacinths shook their little bells; and the laughing daffodils held up their yellow heads to the bluebirds and kept watch for the banded bumble-bee, who might be coming, now, most any day. There was no more snow, save the white crest on the mountain top; and the river danced along, hurrying to the sea perhaps, a little cake of ice, "the very last of the season." The old willows by

the mill-pond had never before made such splendid whistles; and Johnny Adams and Peter Perkins, walking along to school, blew such shrill, clear notes on theirs, that Spencer Hall, whittling away at his, which would n't do any thing but squeak, threw stick and knife right over the fence, and had to spend five minutes at least, looking for them.

You may wonder how it happened that Spencer Hall should be here, and not in New York, where his home was. The truth is, after returning to New York, the last of October, he really pined for the sweet mountain air and all the out-door plays of the country, and the boys and girls whom he had come to know so well and whom he declared to be just the jolliest set in the world. So it happened that Spencer's mother, who had a large family and could never give any one of them quite so much attention as she wished — wrote to her sister, with whom Spencer had been staying during the summer, asking if she could conveniently take Spencer and keep him till he was

homesick. Aunt Martha was very willing, for though sometimes roguish, he was, on the whole, a capital boy, and endeared himself to all her family, when with them. Spencer had supposed he would have to go to boarding-school, and dreaded the idea very much; so when it was decided he was really going to Windsor, instead, he was so delighted that he stood on his head until red in the face and his little sister Mary began to cry, declaring — "if he did n't hurry, he never could get his boots down to the floor again."

So Spencer had come back during the last of February; and had coasted, and skated, and been first in all the good times; getting laughed at for his greenness in some ways, but coming out strong with such descriptions of Barnum's and all Van Amburg's wild animals that Johnny Adams said — "whenever Spen got in a tight place, he always began to talk hyena and hippottomas."

Vacation had ended the second week in April and now school would be open till the middle of July. And never was there

a happier set of boys and girls than came walking over the old road and up the hill to the school-house, where they still had a little fire in the stove in the morning but by noon the windows were opened to let in the air, now getting to be almost warm.

When Spencer had found his knife, he scurried up the hill after Johnny and Peter. "I say, boys," called he, "how *do* you do it? I can't make my whistle sound like that."

"This way," said Johnny, blowing a tremendous blast into one ear, while Peter, who saw the joke, gave a furious toot in the other.

"Look here now!" said Spencer — "that ain't what I wanted to know." And he made a dive, first at one and then the other, till they all three rolled in the road together. "I 'll pull your dog's tail, Johnny Adams, if you don't look out!".

"Try it, now!" shouted Johnny. "Hi, Jip! Here 's a feller wants to have a dig at you. Come right up now and give your tail to Mr. Hall — polite now — like a good boy."

Jip appeared suddenly from no one knew where and dashed down among them, growling and barking as if he meant to tear them all to pieces, but wagging that pointed tail every minute, so that if Spencer had been ever so much minded to pull it, he would have found it hard to get hold of.

What would the boys' mothers have said could they have seen the knees of these three pairs of trousers, after the scramble in the road? Miss Owens, walking rapidly along, stopped a moment to watch her dusty pupils and then went on, smiling as she answered their good morning. Rob and Katy, coming in sight, ran as fast as their small legs would let them, to find out what it all meant.

"Oh," said Katy looking down at her fresh white apron and bright blue delaine —"ain't boys dre'ful dirty? Look at your trousers, Peter Perkins."

"Your Aunt Tempy 'll give it to you!" said Spencer, rubbing his own sandy knees.

"I don't care!" said Peter. "I've had

some fun any how, and Lucy ain't here to tell on me."

"I 'd hit her, some o' these times, if she told about me," said Johnny.

"So I do," said Peter; "but then she tells o' that, too, and then I get licked harder than ever, — so that don't pay."

Here the bell rang for nine o'clock; and there was no more time for talk nor whistles either. At recess the boys all came out together; and Johnny produced a lovely piece of willow which he had been keeping for a very extra whistle.

"Don't you say I never gave you nothin', Spence Hall," said he. "You take that stick and do just what I tell you with it, and when you 're through, you 'll know how to make a whistle, slick. Cut through the bark, right round, near the middle o' the stick. Now wet the longest half and pound it on your knee with your knife-handle — easy — don't break the bark. Now, if it 's loose enough, wring it off and lay it down, wherever you 're a mind to. Jip, let that alone, sir! Now cut a notch in the wood, about an inch

from the end; cut most through the stick, only leave enough to hold the plug. Slice off a good big shaving from the upper side o' your plug. Clap on the bark; and cut a notch in that, where the bottom of the plug comes, as big as your finger nail. Now, little boy green, come blow up your horn."

And Spencer blew a mighty blast, making noise enough to satisfy even his ambition. "I wish I had the one here I was making this morning; I 'd see why it would n't go. There, I know how to make whistles now; and I 'll bet I can beat you all making kites. I *say*, boys, it 's most kite time, is n't it?"

"That 's so!" said Johnny, jumping up, "and we have n't flown one, yet. I mean to begin one this very afternoon, when we go home."

"You can get 'em for a penny apiece, in New York — little ones," said Spencer. "I used to buy 'em, when I was a little boy; but now, if I want a kite I go and make it. And I 'm just going to make a rouser, the first thing I do."

"I would n't *buy* a kite," said Johnny. "I think half the fun is making it."

"So do I," said Peter; "and then you can have all sorts of a tail. Aunt Tempy 's first-rate about tails. She gave me all the rags I wanted, last year."

All the way home, that afternoon, the boys talked nothing but kite; and Rob, who had never made one, kept his ears open, taking in every idea he could get about them. On reaching home, he would have rushed off at once to find grandpa and consult with him on the kite question, but as he went by the parlor door, his mother called him in. "See here, Rob," said she, "here are two notes; one for you and one for Katy. Who do you think they are from?" "From papa," cried Katy, who sometimes had real letters, all to herself, from her father.

"No," said mamma. "I 'll read yours, Katy." And opening it she read as follows:

"Fanny and Jamie Lawrence's love, and they will be at home, Tuesday, May 2d, from three to eight, P. M. Please to bring your dolls."

"Be at home?" questioned Katy. "Is she sick? What is she going to be at home for?"

"It is an invitation to a party," said mamma. "She means she will be dressed and ready to see her friends, from three in the afternoon until eight in the evening."

"A party?" squealed Katy. "Oh, how nice! What for, though. It is n't her birthday."

"It is Jamie's birthday," said mamma. "He will be four years old — quite old enough to have a party. Their uncle Jack is coming up from New York, on Saturday, so you will be sure to have good times. And now, children, I 've got another surprise for you. What do you think the expressman brought up, from the noon train?"

"A baby-house, with rooms in it!" said Katy, who was always expecting one to appear.

"A baby!" shouted Rob, who very much wanted a little brother or sister.

"No," said mamma, laughing. "Come and see."

Going into grandma's room, they found grandpa there, strutting about with a pair of Zouave trousers round his neck, a Zouave cap on his head, and his hands in the sleeves of a little red dress.

"Now father, you are too bad!" said Aunt Katy, taking the clothes away from him and giving his hair a little pull. "There, Rob! See what your Aunt Molly has sent you."

Rob stood in silent delight over his real Zouave suit — full scarlet trousers, and jacket braided with gilt; while Katy was also speechless, looking at the red merino dress and sack, embroidered with a beautiful vine running all round, such a dress as she never had before. There was a tucked white waist to wear with it, and when mamma put the jacket over it and laid all together on grandma's bed, Katy thought surely she was the happiest little girl in the world.

Aunt Molly was papa's sister, and very often sent pretty things to the children; but this was the most astonishing gift she had yet made. In the little note which

came with the box, she said the things were to have been ready two months before; but she had been sick and only able to finish them now, in time for a little wear before warm weather, — though, as Rob's suit was only flannel, he would have plenty of time to take the shine off before July, if he were like all the boys she knew.

"We can wear them to the party, can't we?" said both children at once.

"Yes," said mamma, "it is still cool enough; but after that, Katy, your suit will keep till next fall."

"I'll wear it this summer," said grandpa. "Red is excellent for rheumatism. Now I think of it, there's a twinge in my left shoulder this minute. Dear me! Ow! I'm sure I need it more than Katy does. Only just the sack, you know."

"Do you, truly, grandpa?" asked Katy, with solemn eyes. "'Cause, if you do ache dre'ful, there is some turned in at the top, and mamma may cut you off a teenty piece to do you up in."

"Bless your heart!" said grandpa, swinging her up to his shoulder, as if the rheumatism did n't trouble him very badly. "Grandpa does n't want it; he was only joking."

Rob was too much pleased with his new clothes to think of any thing else, till he had tried them on and paraded about awhile. Then he remembered the important business he had on hand for that afternoon. "Grandpa," said he, "did you know 't was kite time?"

"Is it?" said grandpa. "Well, what about it?"

"Why, I want you to come, right away, and help me make a real splendid one."

"How can I make kites? That 's boys' business, and I stopped being a boy more than fifty years ago."

"I don't care — you can do every thing, and I want an awful big one, so 's to beat all the boys; and grandma can make the tail."

"Can she, indeed? Well, if I make the kite and grandma makes the tail, 't will not be your kite at all, but ours; and we

shall have to go and fly it on the common."

"Oh, but you see, when it 's done, you 'll give it to me."

"Well, I should n't wonder if we did. Come into the work-room, and we 'll see what we can do." And off they went, followed by Katy, who was almost as anxious about the kite, as Rob himself.

The work-room opened from the kitchen; quite a large room, with a window at the end, where were all sorts of tools and a turning lathe; for papa, when at home, and not in his office, was always busy with some delicate piece of work — a carved bracket or picture-frame — or some piece of mending which nobody but he could do. Grandpa looked about till he found some smooth, straight wood for sticks, and then sat down on the bench in the corner; telling Rob to go out to Nancy and get her to make the paste.

Nancy was making ginger snaps for tea, and pretended to be cross, when Rob asked her.

"Always havin' things done for you,"

said she. But she dropped the rolling-pin, and set about making the paste at once. "How much better be ye than other chillens, to pay for it all?"

"Dun know," said Rob.

"No more do I," said Nancy; but by the look she gave him, as he walked away with the smooth paste, I 'm sure she thought no better boy could be found, the world over.

Grandpa had the frame almost together by the time the paste appeared, and Rob almost dropped the bowl when he looked in. "Why, it 's taller than me!" he shouted. "It 's ever so much taller than me! What will the boys say, grandpa? Ain't you nice?"

"Could n't say," said grandpa. "Suppose you go and see what grandma 's doing, for a minute."

Rob ran; and directly was heard another shout, for there was grandma, tying tags of red, white, and blue, for a tail; a tremendous tail, which, when pulled out of her lap — as it was in two seconds — reached all around the room. So much

running back and forth was required now, before the kite could be finished, that when at last it was really done — covered with smooth, white paper, and stood up in the meal-bin to dry over night — Rob and Katy were both so hungry they ate three times as many snaps as could have been reasonably expected, and would have eaten more if the basket had n't been entirely empty.

Rob dreamed of kites and Zouave suits, all night; and next morning Katy was possessed to wear her new dress to school.

"'T is Friday, now, dear," said mamma. "Think how soon 't will be Tuesday; and then, when 't is time to put the dress on for the party, you 'll be sorry any of the little girls have seen it."

"No I shan't," said Katy. "Please, please mamma, let me wear it."

Mamma liked to have Katy dressed prettily but simply all the time, but never cared that she should have special Sunday suits; so she at last consented, and Katy ran up-stairs delighted, to have it put on.

"Save the jacket for the party," said

mamma, "and wear one of your white aprons over it to-day." And Katy put on the long-sleeved apron, thinking she could easily slip it off, if she wanted to show the waist.

The kite was quite dry, the tail fastened on, and with a great ball of string in his hand, Rob was showing it off in the hall as Katy came down the front stairs. She gave her frock a little flirt, as she tripped along, just to show Rob how pretty it was, and felt something hard hit the baluster. Katy always turned the pockets of her new dresses inside out, the first thing, but she had forgotten to turn this one, and as she put her hand into it, there were a pair of bright new scissors in a neat morocco case.

"My, my!" said Katy. "To think of that!" And she sat right down on the stairs to look at them.

"What is it?" said mamma, coming down.

"Just look!" cried Katy, holding them up.

"That 's very nice," said mamma.

"Now you 'll always have them to cut threads with, when you are sewing, and need never use those sharp little teeth in that way again. Now 't is time you were on your way to school. Be careful of the new dress!" And mamma kissed her and went into grandma's room.

When Miss Owens came into school that morning, she said to herself she was thankful it was Friday. Fourteen boys, every one with a kite, and seventeen girls, all eager to see them flying. "Carry them every one into the passage-way," said she, "where you can't see them, and if you are good and say your lessons well, you may have half an hour at recess, instead of the usual fifteen minutes."

"Three cheers for Miss Owens!" shouted Spencer Hall. And three cheers there were, before Miss Owens could say no. She had to laugh a little as she went up to her chair and began the roll.

Recess time seemed two years, instead of two hours in coming, but at last the bell rang, and then what a rush there was for the door — even Miss Owens stepping

down quickly as if she would like to see the kites go up. Spencer's was of red, white, and blue paper, with white tail; Peter Perkins', all white; and the other boy had all sorts and sizes. Rob's was the largest, had the handsomest tail, and would have been the finest kite altogether, only Johnny Adams had two great red flannel eyes on his, that even when the kite had gone very far up, could still be plainly seen; while Rob's red, white, and blue tail, hardly showed at all, by comparison. The wind was just right, and the fourteen kites, all flying at once, were a very fine sight.

"Mine 's the biggest!" said Rob, for the twentieth time at least, since first meeting the boys. It *is* the biggest, but, Oh dear! I wish it had red eyes. Oh dear! if it only had!"

Hiram Jones, whose kite was blue, tail and all, had driven three stakes in the ground, beside the path, and when recess was over, several of the boys fastened their strings here, instead of pulling the kites in, so that no time need be lost at

noon, getting them up again. This of course obliged the boys to be looking out of the window every chance they could get, after school was in again; till at last Miss Owens said, "though she excused them somewhat for to-day, in future they must do their kite-flying either before or after school, unless they could make up their minds to pay better attention to their lessons."

At noon, the boys swallowed their dinners just as fast as they could, and then were off to their kites again. The girls had been too excited at recess to notice the new dress much, but now Katy stood still and allowed a more careful examination.

"Ain't it splendid?" said Clara Perry. "It 's just the color of the eyes on Johnny Adams' kite, I do believe."

"Yes," said Katy, "only it 's brighter."

She looked over where Rob was flying his kite, evidently only half contented with it, and an idea suddenly came to her mind, which startled her so, she ran into the school-room and sat down to think.

"Scissors in her pocket; lots of lovely red merino under the plaits of her dress that nobody saw; what eyes could be cut out, all in a minute, if she only chose; how Rob would laugh, and how splendid his kite would be."

Not a minute did Katy wait, but out came the scissors — and then all at once — there were two great, round, jagged holes in the new dress — and not under the plaits, after all. With two red eyes in her hand, Katy stood in the door, calling "Rob! Rob!"

"Oh! oh!" he shouted, as he ran up; and then all the girls came too.

"Why, Katy Stuart! Where did you get 'em? Ain't they splendid!"

"Found 'em," said Katy.

"Rob ran and wound in his kite, as fast as he could. Spencer helped him wind and Hiram Jones got some mucilage from his desk; and in five minutes, up went that kite again, with two beautiful red eyes shining in the sun, like rubies. Rob felt ten feet tall, at least.

"Where did you get 'em, Rob?" asked all the boys.

"Katy gave 'em to me," said Rob, too pleased to stop and think where she could have found them.

"Where did Katy get them?" said Miss Owens, who had come up.

Katy turned very red and said nothing.

"She says she found them," said Clara Perry.

Katy stood still, holding down her white apron — which the wind would keep blowing up — till Lucy Perkins came and gave it a sudden jerk, and then — there were those two staring holes.

"Why, Katy!" said Miss Owens — and then walked right away to the schoolroom; and Hiram Jones thought she laughed as she went in. She was sober enough though after school, as she said how sorry she was for what had happened, and Katy must tell her mother as soon as she got home.

"Yes, ma'am," said Katy, who began to think how awful it was, as she walked off with Rob, who hugged her every three minutes, all the way home, and said he 'd tell just how it was.

Going in at the gate, though, his courage failed; and mamma, as she met them at the door, could n't tell which had been in mischief, for both looked equally miserable and cried equally hard, when she said — "What is the trouble, children?"

After waiting a moment, and getting no answer but sobs, she said, "Come with me, Katy," and took her hand to lead her up-stairs.

"That 's it, mamma!" said Katy, suddenly throwing her apron over her head and screaming through it, as mamma looked in amazement at the two holes. "My new scissors did it; Oh, suz me! my new scissors did it!"

"They did it for me! They did it for me!" howled Rob. "There they are," and he turned his kite around, showing the pieces that just fitted those two holes.

"Whose hands held the new scissors?" asked mamma.

"Mine," said Katie. "Tie them up, mamma. They could n't help it."

Mamma left the children in the hall and went up-stairs, to think what had better

be done. Then grandma came out and Rob told the whole story. Presently, mamma called, and Katy went up slowly, followed by Rob, who made up his mind that if she was to be punished, he would be, too. Mamma sat by the window as they went in, and, looking into her face and finding she was not dreadfully angry as she had feared, Katy ran to her and climbed into her lap.

"I 'm so glad you ain't mad, mamma," she said.

"Why, I could n't be 'mad,' as you call it, because you acted from a very kind motive," said mamma, "but you must learn not to do things which seem kind, without thinking whether they really are so or not. You gave pleasure to Rob, to be sure, but think how sorry Aunt Molly would be, if she should see your pretty frock, now; and think how much trouble I shall have in mending those great jagged holes. Now to make you remember this and stop to think, if you should ever want to do such a thing again, I shall have you wear the frock just as it

is, to Fanny's party next Tuesday. You may have a white apron over it, but the pretty jacket must stay at home and the tucked waist too."

There was no help for it. Mamma always meant what she said; and though grandma wanted to mend the dress and Aunt Katy begged to do it herself, mamma said, no. So the red frock was hung up in Katy's closet, and though nothing more was said, she knew very well that on Tuesday afternoon it would be brought out, with those two dreadful holes, just as her little scissors left them. Grandpa had to be told when he came home that night, and he thought mamma had judged wisely. So, Saturday and Sunday and Monday passed, and Tuesday afternoon came, almost before Katy knew it.

CHAPTER XI.

TUESDAY morning had been such an exciting time in school, that it was quite as bad as the kite day. Almost every boy and girl there was to be at the party that afternoon, and every one of them had their heads so full of good times coming, that lessons would not be learned. Peter Perkins spelled "party" when Miss Owens put out the word "harbor," and Clara Perry and Sarah Allen had their hair braided in such tight tails, so that it might be frizzed for afternoon, that at recess, Spencer Hall made fun of them, and said they could n't shut their eyes to save their lives.

Miss Owens dismissed the school at noon, and the children went home, too excited to eat much; and after dinner all the little girls dressed their dolls, and then were dressed themselves, and tormented their mothers with asking what time it was

every five minutes, till half past two came, and they were allowed to start.

Katy had gone home with the rest, and had the same difficulty about eating her dinner, and Rob and she had run down the walks afterward and tried to play; but both were very glad when they were called into the house, and told that it was quite time to be ready. Katy had her hair curled over again, and a narrow scarlet velvet tied around the thick curls, to keep them out of her eyes; and every thing felt like going to a party, till the scarlet dress was put on, and Katy winked hard to keep from crying as she looked down at the two holes.

"I 'm going to wear my prettiest apron, ain't I mamma?" she asked.

"Yes," said mamma; "a new one I have just finished;" and she took from the bed such a pretty, full, white apron, with a little tucked yoke, and delicate edge at the neck and wrists, that Katy almost forgot the holes, and went down in high spirits to show herself to grandpa and grandma.

Grandpa was making her a very low bow, when Rob walked in, so proud of his new suit he did n't know what to do, but just a little bashful too, and grandpa made a bow to him, and then pretended he was so embarrassed at having such a finely dressed lady and gentleman in his room, that he kept on bowing backwards till he ran against the lounge, and fell down by grandma, and asked her to fan him and give him a peppermint lozenge, else he did n't really think he could bear it.

Then Katy took Maria and Josephine, the best looking dolls she had, and Rob and she went round to the gate between their house and that of Mr. Lawrence, and up the path to the front door, where the girl was standing ready to show all the children where to lay their things when they had taken them off, and then Mrs. Lawrence came in and kissed them both, and went down-stairs with them.

Fanny stood in the middle of the room, and of all things, if there was n't her cousin Anne from Claremont standing right by her! A very fat little girl about

ten years old, in a white frock, and broad pink sash, and pink ribbons flying from her shoulders, who felt so fine she could hardly say "How d'ye do," to anybody. Peter Perkins stood in a corner, every hair brushed down so smoothly that a whirlwind could n't have lifted one of them, and Spencer Hall, who had been going through with all sorts of motions behind him, told Johnny Adams who came in after a time, that "he 'd been smelling of Peter Perkins' head, and he'd got essence of peppermint, and sassafras, and wintergreen on it, and was most a match for that stuck-up Anne, who 'd had a whole bottle of musk emptied on her, he guessed, before she came down."

Marion Morton wore a pink silk with lots of little flounces over it, and two bracelets and a gold chain. So she had to think of her clothes all the time, and could n't enjoy herself half as much as if she had been dressed in a pretty simple frock which would bear some pulling. She had also a very splendid doll with her, who had a parasol and a bonnet

made at a real milliner's, and a hoop-skirt which prevented her sitting down, as it flew right up over her head whenever she did. The little girls thought they were to have fine times with this doll, but Marion was so afraid it would be spoiled if they handled it, that at last every one went away and left her with Miss Anne from Claremont. She did n't want to play either, but talked about her nice clothes, and going to dancing school.

"We 're going to dance pretty soon," said Fanny. "All that want to, — and maybe Anne will dance a polka. She can do it lovely."

"Then she 'll have to dance alone," said Johnny Adams. "I can dance cotillons, and it's good fun enough when there is n't any thing else to do; but I don't believe there 's a boy here can dance a polka."

"I can," said Spencer Hall. "I 've been to dancing school you know, and I 'll go it with Miss Perfumery Bottle when the time comes."

Mrs. Lawrence saw that things were not

quite pleasant, and started "Bachelor's kitchen," which they all played awhile, and then began "Stage-coach." Everybody was changing places in the midst of a good many squeals and much confusion, when the door opened and such a queer little figure came walking in. It was Jamie Lawrence in his night-gown, his white hair sticking up straight, who looked about him in a confused kind of way, till hearing all the children laughing and seeing his mother on the other side of the room, he ran to her and hid his face in her dress.

"Why, Jamie, Jamie!" said she; "why did n't you knock on the floor so that Aunty could come and dress you, and not run down so?"

"'Cause I was in a hurry to get to the party," said Jamie, as Aunty picked him up and went away with him.

It seems Jamie had played so hard all the morning, that he was very tired after dinner, and his mother had put him on the bed to rest awhile, after she had given him his bath and slipped him into his night-gown. She never thought he would

go sound asleep, as he did, not waking up till he heard all the children squealing in "Stage-coach," when he ran right down. Presently he came in again, his hair curled, and in — what do you think? His very first jacket and trousers; so proud of them that he looked at them the whole time. Fanny said it was his birthday, and everybody must give him four kisses; and so poor Jamie was passed around like a smelling-bottle, and even the boys kissed him.

In the meantime it was getting toward half past five. Uncle Jack, who was to have come the day before, had been delayed, and would not be with them till six, when all were to have supper.

So Mrs. Lawrence said they would dance till then, and sat down to the piano. They had a cotillon which everybody danced, without thinking much about whether it was done just right or not. Miss Anne sat on the sofa and fanned herself, and said cotillons were n't fashionable; her mother danced the lancers, and polkas, when she went to parties.

"Will you polk with me?" said Spencer Hall, coming up with a very low bow.

"Yes," said Miss Anne, delighted with a chance of showing off. "Are you sure you know how?"

"Well, I guess so; try and see," answered Spencer; and Miss Anne, who had n't watched her mother for nothing, gave her fan to Johnny Adams, who made a face behind it, and her handkerchief to Hiram Jones, and sailed off with Spencer. She really danced very prettily, and so did Spencer, and they kept excellent time as Mrs. Lawrence played "Pride Polka."

All the children gathered around the piano and watched the pair.

Anne put her head on one side, and was looking perfectly happy as well as perfectly silly, when whisk into the room flew Jip the terrier, barking and leaping, taking his course toward Johnny his master, right between the dancers, who, a little dizzy with their long whirl, stumbled, tried to recover their footing, and then fell in a grand tangle. Spencer's foot caught in Anne's hoop as they went down, and the

more he tried to get it out, the more he could n't. Jip, who thought it all had been done for his special amusement, flew around and on and over them, and at last seized an end of the pink sash and bit and pulled until it untied, when he trailed it off under the sofa, and had to be slapped before he would give it up. Mrs. Lawrence came to the rescue, untangled Spencer, and lifted up Miss Anne, who was crying hard by this time.

"You 're a hateful boy!" she sobbed to Spencer. "You did it a-purpose I know. I 'll get my mother to have that dog killed; and don't you ever ask me to dance with you again, you horrid, mean, ugly thing!"

"Come, come, Miss!" said Spencer; "I don't like that kind o' names. I did n't bring the dog in."

Miss Owens, who had got there just in time to see the fall, came forward.

"Come up-stairs with me, Anne," she said, "and I 'll put you in as nice order as ever in a few moments;" and she took the long ribbon from Johnny, and walked away with her.

"I guess she need n't be afraid I 'll ever ask her to dance again," said Spencer, a little ashamed of this ending to their display, and a good deal angry at being abused for the fall he could not help. Then his natural good nature came to his aid, and he began to laugh with the other children.

"Where did Jip come from?" asked Mrs. Lawrence.

"I don't know," said Johnny; "I locked him up in the wood-house the very last thing. Somebody must have gone in for wood and let him out, and he smelled his way right here. He always does find me out, no matter where I leave him."

By this time Anne was down again, and though disposed to be very stiff at first, smiled at last at Jip, who stood up on his hind legs before her, when Johnny ordered him, and held out his paw to shake hands. Spencer, who had been whispering to Miss Owens in a corner, walked up now with another bow, and said he was very sorry she had had such a tumble, and if somebody would hold Jip, he would like another

turn with her by and by. Miss Anne smiled, and probably would have said "yes," if a little bell had not tinkled in another room, and Mrs. Lawrence said that supper was ready.

"I knew it was ready," said Lucy Perkins to Sarah Allen. "I peeked in at the door when you was all looking at them on the floor, and there 's heaps on the table, — *blue monge* and every thing."

Jamie, being the most important person there and the one for whom the party was given, was told to pick out the nicest girl and take her in on his arm ; and after looking at everybody, selected his mother.

"You 're nicer than any of 'em, mamma," he said, "so I 'll take you."

"Oh no," laughed mamma, "take a little girl."

"Don't want 'em," said Jamie ; "rather have you." And while he walked on tiptoe and made himself tall as he could, mamma made herself as short as she could, and they went in together, followed by the children, who stood about the room, and had all the good things you can think of.

In the centre of the table was a large cake, with "Jamie" on it in sugar letters.

"We 're all to have a slice o' that cake," said Fanny, "and we must n't eat very fast, for there 's something in it."

"Oh, what?" said Sarah Allen. "You don't mean there 's a ring in it!"

"Yes I do; a real ring," answered Fanny; "don't I hope I 'll get it?"

"I should think it would be more polite to hope some o' your company would," said Peter Perkins, with his mouth full of pound-cake; but just that minute there was a noise in the hall, and then the dining-room door flew open and a tall gentleman with bright eyes, and hair that stood up in a wonderful way all over his head, came walking in, leaning on a cane, and stopped, pretending to be so frightened he could not take another step.

"A party!" he said; "what a thing to do, and never let me know a word about it. I must go right back again."

"Don't you," screamed Jamie and Fanny and Johnny Adams all together; "Uncle Jack, don't you!" and Uncle Jack, who

had n't the least idea of doing any such thing, was dragged forward and hugged, and helped to every thing at once.

"Wait a minute," said he; "I mean, don't wait a minute. I 'm coming back in a jiff," and he walked out into the hall.

"Ain't he a funny man?" said Katy; and had hardly asked the question, before he was back again.

How had he managed to do so much in such a little while? for from every button and button-hole there hung a candy horn; not little miserable ones, such as were to be had in the candy store for twelve cents apiece, but pink, and blue, and gilt ones, with gay pictures and bright ribbons on them. The children forgot their supper and crowded around him; twenty-three of them, and there were twenty-three horns, two hanging around each ear, and one from every button and button-hole as I have said.

Uncle Jack flourished about, not dropping one of them, till Jamie made a dash at him, and the other children followed, and at last each one was in somebody's

hand, even Hiram Jones crunching away on a burnt almond, and appearing to like it just as well as if he had been four instead of fourteen.

"This kind of thing will never do," said Uncle Jack suddenly; "look at that cake; who's going to eat it?"

"Me," said Jamie; "cut it, Uncle Jack;" and Uncle Jack took the great knife, and cut such slices as never were seen. What a time it took to eat them, for a whisper of what was in the cake had gone through the room, and each one was sure the ring would be in their slice.

"Holloa!" said Spencer Hall all at once, and turning quite red as he drew from between his teeth the little gold ring. "That's great! I did n't know I was going to get it."

Miss Anne from Claremont had been crooking her little finger as genteelly as she could, while she ate her slice, and Lucy Perkins had almost broken hers in two, trying to do just like her, both thinking they were sure to get the ring, and now Miss Anne almost threw her slice on the table.

"Hateful old cake!" she said; "I'm sure I don't want any more. I think one o' the girls might have got it."

"I've got one ring," said Spencer; "one that ma gave me. I say; let the girls draw lots for this. I don't want it."

"All right," said Uncle Jack, who seemed to remember where every thing was, for he took paper and scissors from one of the sideboard drawers, and began to cut strips.

"Fourteen girls," he said, looking about as he cut, "so I want fourteen strips. Now I'll put them in my hat and shake them up, and you girls may each put your hands in and take one, and whoever has the longest will own the ring."

All came around him, and it is curious that Miss Anne and Marion Morton, who had more rings than all the other little girls put together, looked more eager than any of them. There was only one long strip, and thirteen short ones just alike. Lucy Perkins looked ready to bite some one when she found she had a short strip, and so did Miss Anne, and everybody was

astonished when the long one was held up by little Calista Jones, the poorest child there, who but for this might never have owned a ring till she had grown up, and who looked perfectly happy as Uncle Jack slipped it on her small, red finger. Katy thought for a moment that she should have liked to see it on her own, but was glad on the whole that Calista had it, and Mrs. Lawrence said to Miss Owens:

"I ought to have thought that this might make ill feeling. I shall not try such an experiment again."

"Everybody through supper?" said Uncle Jack; "then back to the parlor with you;" and the children flocked in. Things had altered while they were at supper. The folding-doors were wide open, and in their place hung a white sheet; there were no lights in the back parlor, and only one little one in the front, standing on the table in the centre of the room, and by it quite a pile of what looked as much like old box covers as any thing.

Spencer Hall lifted one; a half oval piece of pasteboard with a round hole here, and a little square one there, and slits cut almost any way. What could they be? The chairs had all been moved to the upper end of the room, and more brought in.

"Sit down, children," said Uncle Jack, "and pretty soon you 'll see something;" and they all took their places, and waited curiously, while Uncle Jack turned over the pile and seemed to be arranging it, and then took from his pocket a little box, which on being opened, showed more pasteboard scraps, each one numbered, which he emptied on the table.

Lucy Perkins was sitting next to Katy, who had had such a good time that she had hardly thought once of her dress since she came.

Lucy felt so spiteful about the ring, she did n't know what to do, and glancing down at Katy who was looking very earnestly over to Uncle Jack, Lucy saw that she was wearing the same red frock which she had shown off at school a few days before.

"Ho!" said she, "before I 'd wear a frock to a party that had to be mended; I 'd be ashamed;" and Lucy jerked at a corner of the apron, intending to look at the patches, which she supposed were there.

"Don't," said Katy, pulling away from her.

"I will too," said Lucy.

"Don't, please don't," repeated Katy, who could n't bear to have anybody know; and she stood up in her chair to get away from Lucy, but Lucy persisted, and succeeded in pulling up the apron and displaying the round holes, just as Uncle Jack, hearing some disturbance, turned around quickly, holding up the lamp.

"Why, what a funny frock," said he; "what 's the trouble?"

Lucy Perkins spoke up:

"She cut them holes with her new scissors, sir; she 's always doing some mischief."

Poor Katy burst into tears as Uncle Jack put down the lamp again, and Rob sprang forward to reach her, not much

caring who he walked over as he did so. Lucy Perkins gave him a sly pinch as he stepped over her.

"Oh, you do that, do you?" said Spencer Hall, who sat next to her; "then you see what you get;" and he gave one of Lucy's red curls a very sharp pull.

"You nasty thing!" screamed Lucy; and Uncle Jack turned, astonished at this sudden trouble, while Mrs. Lawrence and Miss Owens came in hastily, bringing the large lamp.

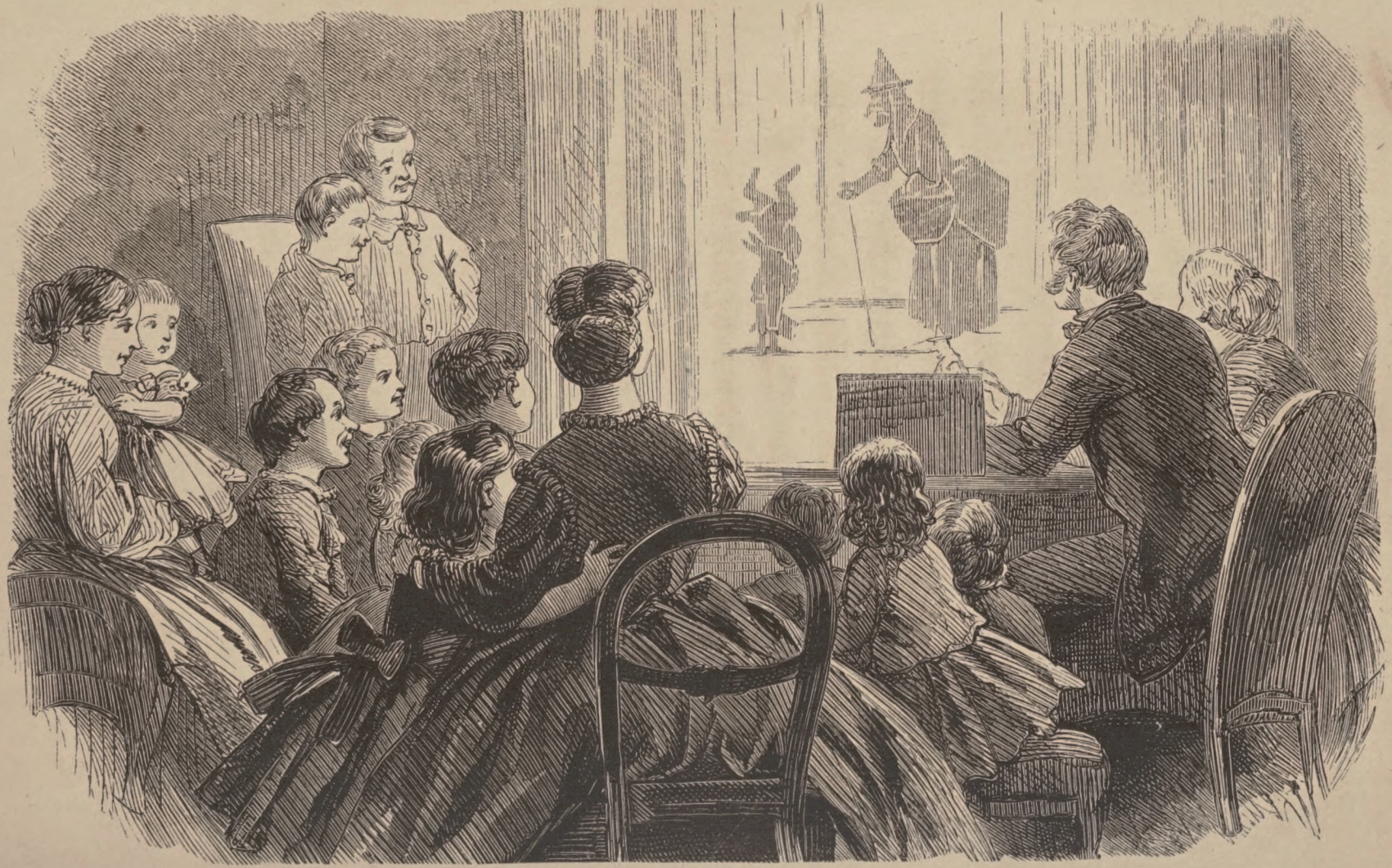
"What's it all about?" said Uncle Jack.

"I 'll tell you," said Spencer, still indignant, and he did tell the whole kite story, while Katy cried, and Rob stood with his arm about her, ready to fight Uncle Jack himself if he dared make fun of her.

"Katy 's a trump," said he, as Spencer ended with,

"And that 's the way it was, and Lucy Perkins 's mean as dirt, so now," and sat down by her with a jerk.

"That means," Uncle Jack went on, "that she 's a first-rate girl, and I 'm proud to know her. Come, come, though; don't



call any names, but settle down now in peace and quietness and see what you will see. Off with your lamp, big people; eyes wide open, little ones. Now attention! The full and particular history of

'Old Mother Hubbard,
Who went to her cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone.' "

The children saw all at once a closet with open door, and the very old Mother Hubbard herself, reaching up for a bone, all in shadow on the white sheet. The dog stood up when he thought the bone was coming, and laid down again when he did n't get it.

"She went to the baker's
To get him some bread,"

repeated Uncle Jack very slowly, and old Mother Hubbard went along and out of sight at the end of the sheet, and as she went, the dog stretched himself out and lay there stiff.

"When she came back,
The poor dog was dead,"

sighed Uncle Jack, as she appeared again.

So they went through the whole thing

from beginning to end, the shadows on the sheet doing just as the rhymes said. At the very last, when

> "The dame made a curtsey
> The dog made a bow,
> The dame said — your servant,
> The dog said — bow wow!"

there came such a bow wow from the sheet, that the little ones were almost frightened and the big ones puzzled.

"Oh, how was it? Do show how you did it," all said, crowding about Uncle Jack, and surprised to find Mrs. Lawrence also sitting by the table, all those little scraps before her.

"Well," said Uncle Jack; "this way. It takes a good deal of practice to have every thing just right. Now here 's Mother Hubbard," and he held up a piece of pasteboard, the very one Spencer Hall had looked at. "Here 's the dog, too," he said, and he showed one of the little pieces. "I look out for the dog and Mrs. Hubbard, and mamma here, takes care of the cupboard, and the goat, and the pie-dish, and such, and holds them up at just the right

moment, so that their shadows fall in the right place on the sheet, and then you see them."

"What did the bark?" asked Katy.

"Jip, in the back parlor," said Uncle Jack. "Miss Owens pulled his tail, just when I wanted her to, and Jip barked at the very minute Mother Hubbard's dog did."

"Well, but I can't see as these pieces look like any thing at all," said Hiram Jones. "Do it over again, do;" and Uncle Jack held up the pasteboard and there was Mrs. Hubbard once more.

The older children stood for some time talking over the matter, and in the mean time lamps had been brought in, and the folding-doors closed. Now they opened again, the sheet this time hanging only half-way down to a table which had been mysteriously placed there. Everybody exclaimed, and then crowded up about the table, though the little ones held back, and hardly dared, till they saw Miss Owens walk up.

There on the table stood a little man,

all boots and head it seemed. Such a head, wearing a great stove-pipe hat, and such a pair of boots, coming up to his very shoulders almost, and such enormous hands, waving about over a waistcoat which looked to Fanny just like one of her father's. How the hands behaved, too; pulling their owner's hair, and knocking off his hat, and slapping his face, and at last giving his nose such a twist, that the mouth shut right on the fingers as they passed it, and somebody said "Ow, ow!" very loud. All at once there were no hands there, and the boots rolled to the floor, and two arms came out of them, and the children found that this speck of a man was made of two people; one standing before the table and putting his arms into a pair of boots to make the legs, and somebody behind the sheet putting their arms over his shoulders, and having a waistcoat and coat slipped on them, so that altogether they made the dwarf.

How they all laughed, and how astonished they were when suddenly the tall clock in the dining-room struck one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight!

"'T is n't eight," said Peter Perkins; "it can't be;" but it certainly was, and time for everybody to go home, which none of them wanted to do.

Miss Owens took charge of some of them, and Uncle Jack said he wanted to see to Katy, for he should like to walk home with her better than almost any young lady he knew.

He did walk home with her really, and she did n't take one step herself either; for when they went out of the door, Uncle Jack suddenly tossed her up to his shoulder, and she rode into the parlor at grandma's with the brightest eyes and the reddest cheeks you ever saw. Mamma did n't take her to bed at once, for where would have been the use when she was so wide awake; and Rob and she gave such an account of the shadow pantomime, that mamma said she should never give another child's party unless Uncle Jack was there to entertain them. Katy did n't go to bed till ten, and felt almost grown up, and so did Rob, when they remembered that this was the third time in their

lives when they had sat up as long as the big people.

Next day mamma took the little dress, and as it was very full, cut out the part where the two holes were, so that you would never know any thing had happened to it. Katy wore it once more, jacket and all, and then it was laid away for fall. Some day you may hear of it again, but not in this book. One chapter more, and then you must say good-by to little Katy till I have time to tell you other stories of her; and if that time should never come to me, you can think to yourselves, and then tell to your dolls all the things that Katy did, and perhaps some that Katy did n't.

CHAPTER XII.

It was the sixth of July. Katy and Rob were under the crab-apple tree, looking up to the robin which twittered there to the young ones on the nest, and grandma, and mamma, and Aunt Katy, sat on the front steps, looking over to Cornish hills. The evening train had come in half an hour before, and grandpa would very soon be up from the post-office. Mamma looked a little anxious now and then as she watched for him, for no letters had come from papa for a long time, not even in answer to the one which Katy had printed herself in every sized letter you can think of, and sent to him in one of mamma's more than a month ago. So she was watching too, and ran down now to the front gate with Rob, as she saw grandpa walking in, very fast indeed.

"Got a letter, grandpa?" said she.

"No," answered grandpa; "something as

good though," and he waved his cane as he reached the top of the first flight of steps, and shouted, "Vicksburg is taken! Hurrah!"

Mamma turned quite pale. This was grand news, but a city taken meant killed and wounded soldiers, and dreadful lists of names in the papers, through which she had looked many a time in this last year, trying to think papa's name could not be there. They were all very still now as she took the paper from grandpa's hand, and looked eagerly down the columns, while Katy's arm stole about her neck. No list there. The city had surrendered at last without a battle, and the long waiting time was over. Mamma's eyes were full of tears as she handed back the paper, but they were very happy ones, and grandpa standing there read the news to them.

Uncle Jack, who had come from New York a day or two before, came through the gate between the two places, followed by Fanny and Jamie, who really ought to have been in bed, for it was after seven.

"Why could n't we have known about it on the Fourth?" said Uncle Jack. "What a shame to waste all those fire-crackers on 1776, Rob, when 1863 is so much finer! Do you know I 'm going away to-morrow, children?"

"I don't see why," said Katy. "Why don't you stay here always? Ain't there anybody you might marry?"

"Nobody but you, Katy," said Uncle Jack, laughing, "and you 're almost too small to make all the mince-pies I should want."

"I could make you teenty ones in a saucer, 'cause I did once," said Katy, "and mamma could do the other things; gingerbread and biscuit, you know."

"Well, I 'll think about it," said Uncle Jack. "Perhaps you will know how to make biscuit yourself when I come home again, for this time I shall be gone a long while, I hope. I should have been back long ago, but this wound in my leg would stay open, and is in fact inclined to do so now."

"Where do you go?" asked grandpa.

"Port Hudson," replied Uncle Jack, "which ought to have gone down before Vicksburg; but as it did n't, I shall be in time for more trench duty probably."

Miss Owens came up the steps just then, going through grandpa's on her way home, and stopped a few moments to talk over the news. Uncle Jack stood up as she said good-by.

"I must say that too," said he, "for as I go out in the early train, I shall not see you all again;" and he shook hands with each, giving Katy a great hug, and then walked on with Miss Owens, looking taller and broader than ever, for she was only a little woman after all, though she seemed so large to Katy.

Next morning at recess, the boys followed the girls down to the log, and Spencer Hall, who had been looking very important, and whispering to everybody before school began, sat down on a stone and said: —

"Now, girls, we 're going to trust you, and if one of you tells, we won't any of us speak to her again till school 's done."

"No great loss," said Lucy Perkins: "'t ain't but four days more anyhow."

"Well, then, seeing you ain't anxious to know, I guess we 'll leave you out," said Spencer. "Run away, Pepper-box, and I 'll tell the others."

Now if there was any thing in the world that Lucy could n't bear, it was the not knowing from beginning to end all about every thing that went on ; so, though she had scowled when Spencer said "Pepper-box," she smoothed her face at once and said : —

"Just as though you did n't know I was only in fun ! I can keep a secret as good as Katy Stuart, any way. You see now."

"All right," said Spencer. "Come close, so that Miss Owens won't hear. Now you see, school 'll be done in four days, — three, really, 'cause the last day 's exhibition, and we don't say lessons, — and soon as it 's done, Miss Owens is going home to Massachusetts, and there ain't going to be any more school till fall, this year."

"Well, we know all that," said Lucy, "so where 's your secret ? "

"Shut up!" said Spencer, "if you want to know. Ten of us boys is going to give ten cents a-piece, and the rest say they 'll give all they can, so 's to make it a dollar and a half; more, maybe. Now what 'll you girls give?"

"What for?" said Lucy Perkins. "I ain't going to give my money for you to spend, Spencer Hall. Ain't you great?"

"We want it to buy a present for Miss Owens, you goose you," said Spencer. "That 's the way they used to do at my school in New York. We always gave the teacher something there. There 's a beautiful fruit-knife down to Lewty's store, and when I told him we 'd like it for Miss Owens, if we got money enough, he said he 'd let it go for only three dollars; and Aunt Martha says if we can't make up just the three, why she will."

"I ain't going to give any thing," said Lucy. "Miss Owens gets paid, and that 's enough."

"Oh you stingy thing," said Peter. "You 've got more money in your bank than I have."

"I have n't," said Lucy; "we 've both got just the same; so now."

"So we did have," said Peter; "but did n't Aunt Tempy take twenty cents o' mine, 'cause I broke a window? I have n't got but thirty-two left, and ten o' that I 'm going to give to Spencer."

"You can if you want to," said Lucy, getting up and walking away. "I ain't going to give a cent. Unless I 'm a mind to," she added, as she saw the little girls looking ashamed of her.

"All right," said Spencer, taking a long strip of paper from his pocket. "Hiram wrote all the names here, and I 've put down what the boys gave. Even Eddy Culligan, that goes barefoot half the winter, gave two cents he got for holding a horse; but Miss Pepper-box Perkins, that 's got a bank with fifty-two cents in it, don't feel able. Oh no! she could n't give any thing!" and Spencer made a very round cipher after Lucy's name. "Don't that add up pretty, now? Lucy Perkins, naught, and carry one that somebody else will give. Oh, get out!"

"So I will, you hateful thing," said Lucy, running back to the school-room, where from her red eyes, when the bell rang and the children came in, they concluded she must have been crying.

Lucy put on her hat, and ran off the moment school ended that day, not waiting for any of the little girls to walk home with her, and went right up to her room, when she reached the house. Aunt Tempy had gone somewhere to tea, for two bowls of milk and a plate of bread were on the table, just as she always left them when she did not expect to get back till evening.

Lucy took her bank and went down stairs to the kitchen, meaning to get all her money out and count it, and think whether she possibly could spare any; but hearing Peter coming, she ran down to the lower end of the garden, among the currant bushes. Here was a place, where, when good-natured, she and Peter very often played. Somebody had once dug here a well, which for some reason never had had any water in it, but staid just so dry, year after year.

Bushes grew around so thickly, you would not know it was there unless told, and little plants sprouted out between the stones, all the way down. In the winter it filled with snow, almost to the very top sometimes, which staid there till long after it had melted everywhere else.

Lucy sat down on a flat stone close by and began to bend back the roof of the bank, when she heard Peter, who had been running through the house, call out: —

"I say, boys; come in a while. Aunt Tempy's gone away. Let's have some fun."

Spencer, and Johnny Adams, and Steve Kendall, and one or two others flocked in, running from one place to another till at last they all made a rush for the old well. Lucy hid behind a bush, not wanting them to see her bank, and meaning to run up to the house when they were out of the way.

"Look a here now," said Spencer. "I 've got a new game. That well ain't so very deep. Let 's play Joseph and his brethren, and I 'll be Joseph if nobody else will, and you can put me in there."

"Well, but Joseph was n't put in the pit," said Peter; "he was only a-going to be. There ain't enough of us to be Egyptians too, and so come along and buy you off."

"Well then, I tell you," said Spencer, after a minute of thinking, "I 'll be a runaway slave, and you shall all be slave drivers after me, and I 'll hide in the well when I 'm most dead running, you know. Bully! There 's Jip, and he 'll do for a blood-hound. Now I 'll hide in the currant bushes, and run when I hear you coming, round the barn and everywhere," and Spencer made a dash for the currant bushes, and plunged into Lucy, who crouched behind them.

"What you here for?" said he. "I say, Lucy; you play too. Be a good Quaker in the barn, and when I 've got through hiding in the well, I 'll come to you when they are all gone, and get helped across the river."

"Well," said Lucy, a good deal interested, "I 'll be picking currants for jelly for the soldiers or something, so 's to see the chase, and I 'll go to the barn when you get into the well."

Lucy stood there for some time, watching Spencer pursued by the six slave drivers, and Jip the blood-hound. At last, very closely pushed, he jumped over the low stone wall, and ran down the meadow toward the pond, and Lucy, after waiting some minutes for his return, got tired, and sat down again to count her money. This time she pried up the corner and emptied it all out. One precious silver quarter, given to her three years before by Aunt Tempy, and the rest all in pennies; some great, big old-fashioned ones, two or three almost too battered to be good for any thing, and some few bright and new. Lucy gathered them all into her hands, and wished there were more, and thought how could she give away one, and yet she must.

At last she picked out the three battered ones, and put them in her pocket to give to Spencer before he went home, and was putting the others back into her bank, saving the quarter for the last, so as to see it shining as long as she could, when whisk through the bushes came Jip,

knocking the bank from her hand, and roll went the silver quarter, over the stones and down the well, with one little clink against the side before it touched bottom.

"Oh my money!" screamed Lucy, looking down and then crying aloud.

"Hullo! what 's up?" said Spencer, coming up, and in his surprise forgetting to hide.

"My silver quarter 's rolled down the well," sobbed Lucy; "down to the very bottom, and I won't ever see it again. Oh!"

"Served you right for being so stingy," began Spencer, but stopped, really sorry as he saw her distress. "I say, boys," said he, as the slave drivers came rushing up, "Lucy 's dropped her quarter down the well. How 'll we go to work to get it?"

"Climb down," said Johnny Adams.

"I was going down any way," said Spencer after a minute, "so I may as well go now, I guess," and stepping to the edge he began the descent without hesitating. It was not hard work after all, for the well was stoned all the way down, and he

could step from one to another, but it grew pretty dark, and was muddy too when he touched bottom, and altogether he did n't like it.

"Bring a light, Pete!" he shouted; and after some time Peter appeared with a tallow candle, tied to a long string, which he let down to Spencer, who searched about, but found no trace of the quarter.

"It 's gone into the mud," he called at last, "and I can't find it any way." And he began to climb up, coming out to the light presently, a good deal scratched and very muddy.

"There 's the three cents for Miss Owens," said Lucy. "Might as well take 'em all, now that my quarter 's gone," and she ran to the house still crying.

"It 's kinder mean to take 'em, ain't it?" said Spencer, "when she 's lost so much?"

"No," said Peter; "do her good not to be stingy for once. She 's most as bad as Aunt Tempy, and she 's the stingiest critter that ever was."

"Oh she is, is she?" said a voice behind them. "I just left them bowls o' milk a

purpose, and come back early so 's to see how you and Lucy behaved when you was left to yourselves. This is the way, is it; bringin' in all creation, and tramplin' down every thing?" and Miss Tempy charged on the boys with a long switch, while they ran down the path laughing, and out to the road.

Poor Peter could n't run away though, and was switched all the way up-stairs and into bed, where he had to go without any supper, while Lucy had no comfort in her trouble, but was ordered off too, for having given any of her money away without asking leave. It would have been hard work any way for her to be very good, you see, and after this you will not wonder at many ugly things about her.

By the next afternoon, Spencer had collected the three dollars, all except seventeen cents, which Aunt Martha made up. Almost all the children begged to go with him, when he went to the jeweler's, till he said it would never do, because Miss Owens would see them and find out about it may be. So Spencer went alone after

school, and felt very grand as he waited with the three dollars in his hand, while Mr. Lewty marked the knife, "M. F. O.," for Mary Frances Owens, and then laid it in pink cotton in a little box and tied it up.

Spencer felt doubtful as to the best way of giving it; so doubtful, that at last he decided to ask Mrs. Stuart, for whose opinion he had great respect, and who was very much pleased with the knife when she saw it.

"I should just say in a little note, 'For our teacher,'" said Mrs. Stuart; "and let each of the boys and girls sign their names, and then you can lay it on her desk the last thing Friday."

"They can't all write," said Spencer.

"They can all print," said Mrs. Stuart, "and Miss Owens will like to see all your names. Here is some paper I have had a long time, which will be just the thing," and Mrs. Stuart took from her writing-desk a sheet of paper with a bright wreath of flowers all around it.

"Why, it 's like Valentine paper," said

Spencer. "Ain't it nice? I'll get Hiram to write in the middle," and Spencer ran home delighted.

Hiram did write in the middle, "For the best teacher in the world," and next morning, after wondering how he should manage about the names, Spencer asked Miss Owens if she would n't please go away at recess and leave them all alone. If Miss Owens suspected, she did n't show it, but only laughed and said, "Yes;" and after she had gone out, all the boys and girls signed their names, some in writing and some in print, and every one of them did it so hard that their middle fingers were fairly steeped in ink when they had ended. Lucy felt very glad on the whole that she could sign her name there. She was the last, and when she had done, the sheet of paper was folded and put into a gay envelope which matched it, and then Hiram Jones wrote, "Miss Mary F. Owens," on it, and put it in his desk to keep till after school.

It had been planned at first to have a grand exhibition at the close of school,

joining with one or two others in town, and perhaps all meeting in the town-hall, to speak pieces and sing songs, and maybe a dialogue, and have everybody there to see them. The committee, of which old Governor Butler was one, had decided that it should not be so this year. Many of the fathers and uncles were away at the war; some dead since the last term began, and some wounded or sick in hospital, and the Governor said that the money which would be used in hiring the town-hall, and the music, might better be spent in good things for the soldiers. The children were disappointed, for the little girls had thought a good deal of white dresses and blue sashes, and the boys of blue ribbons in their button-holes, and all walking in procession through the village, but they had to be contented with talking of what they would do next year.

Miss Owens had not told them till Wednesday that there would be no exhibition, and if they had not been taken up with their intended present there would have been much more grumbling than there

was. Spencer had thought a good deal of the fine bow he should make when he walked up before everybody and laid the fruit-knife on Miss Owens' desk. To tell the real truth, he had practiced it in his own room, with the door locked, and his looking-glass standing on a chair so that he might get the full effect, and it was a little trying to lose it all. Don't you think so?

Friday morning came at last, and Katy and Rob were crazy to go to school right after breakfast, as if the knife would be given any the sooner for that.

"Let them go," said grandpa. "They won't have school again for six weeks at least, and they 're coming home at noon;" and mamma said, "Yes," of course.

"Wait a minute," said grandpa. "Come to think, Tim is going to Springfield to-day, and if you wait he may take you, and pick up any of the school children you may meet going along."

"Goody," said Katy, and to pass away the time till Tim was ready, went down to the meadows to see if by any chance a harvest apple might have ripened.

"Where are yees thin?" came Tim's voice from the bank above, and they ran up to find the great farm wagon waiting for them.

Fanny Lawrence was on hand of course, and Jamie, who was going to school for the first time in his life, on the very last day. Before they got to Common Hill, Johnny Adams and Spencer Hall and Hiram Jones piled in, delighted with the chance; and then Miss Owens, who came walking along a few minutes afterward, and was helped in by Hiram; and then Laura Kendall, and little Ed. Culligan, who had been to the village to do an errand for his mother, and who did n't have a ride every day; and last, Lucy and Peter Perkins, who from their gate saw the wagon coming, and ran forward to meet it.

"O Tim!" said Katy suddenly, "I did n't tell you about Lucy Perkins' quarter, did I?"

"You did not thin," said Tim; "an' what ov it?" and Katy told the story at once.

"I think I might be findin' that," said Tim, as she finished.

"Oh, could you?" said Lucy in so much pleasanter fashion than usual, that Tim, who had just reached Miss Tempy's gate, stopped his horses.

"There 's plenty of time before school," said Spencer; "let 's all go in, and see if Tim can do it any better than I did."

Every one got out of the big wagon, and went in at the gate. Miss Tempy stood in the door, and if it had been only the children, would have sent them off at once, but seeing Miss Owens and Tim, began to be afraid she was going to have a surprise party.

"Good morning, Miss Tempy," said Miss Owens. "Tim thinks he can find Lucy's quarter, and has come in to try."

"Oh!" said Miss Tempy; "well, he may if he's a mind to," and she went in and shut the door, while the children and all walked down to the well.

"A bit o' candle an' a match," said Tim, and Peter ran for them, coming back in a minute; and Tim went down and was gone

so long, they began to be afraid something had happened.

"I 've got it," he shouted at last, in a voice which sounded very queer coming from the bottom of a well. "I 've got it and more," and presently Tim appeared, holding out the very muddy quarter to Lucy, who rubbed it on the grass, and then wiped it on her apron, and at last ran into the house with it, coming out presently with a slice of gingerbread, which she handed to Tim, as his reward for going down.

"What else did you get, Tim?" asked Rob.

"This," said Tim, feeling in his waistcoat pocket, and pulling out a very dingy short pipe. "No, that 's not it; here it is," and from the other pocket, he took the least speck of a turtle, which put out its head, and looked at the children as if it knew all about them.

"Now, in with yees," said Tim; "my time 's up," and they all got back into the wagon again.

"That 's my turtle," said Peter, "'cause it came out of our well."

"'Tain't, it 's mine, 'cause I 'm the oldest," said Lucy.

"No such a thing," said Spencer; "it ought to belong to all of us."

"It 's ours," said Katy. "Rob's and mine, 'cause Tim found it, and he 's grandpa's man."

"I think it belongs to Tim," said Miss Owens, "and I want Tim to give it to me."

"I will thin, ma'am," said Tim with a laugh, and looking round to see what she would do.

"Turtles live to be very old indeed," said she; "over a hundred years often, and now I 'll tell you what we will do. We will let Hiram mark the day of the month and the year on the turtle's back, and let it go. They never travel very far, and perhaps years and years from now, when you are all men and women, some one of you will pick it up, and know it to be the same one you marked so long ago."

"He 's too little to mark," said Hiram. "His shell 'll grow, and we won't know."

"Try it," said Miss Owens; and so Hiram scratched the date on the turtle's back, and then dropped it from the wagon.

They were at the school-room door now, and all went in to find it a little past nine, and to wonder where the time had gone. They had only a review of the week's lessons, and whispered a good deal, and altogether it did not seem much like school. Twelve o'clock came in a very little while, and Miss Owens touched her bell.

"A good many of you, I shall not see for a long time," she said, "as I am going early to-morrow morning, so children, we will all say good-by now."

Spencer had been saying over quite a little speech to himself, and stepped forward now, but somehow or other it all went from him as he saw tears in Miss Owens' eyes, and he only laid the little box and the note on the desk and went back without even thinking of that wonderful bow.

Miss Owens opened the envelope and looked at the queer straggly list of names, and then took up the little box and untied the string. There was quite a stir in the school-room, and Katy laughed aloud when the pretty knife was lifted.

"I had no thought you were doing any thing like this," said Miss Owens, at last, with a little flush coming to her cheeks. "If I only knew how, I should make you a little speech; but I don't, and so I shall only tell you that I love you all, and say thank you, dear children."

Miss Owens held out her hand to Hiram who stood nearest, and kissed him, and then all the children crowded about her, and though each one had been saying to themselves how glad they were vacation had come, not one but had tears in their eyes as they said good-by.

Miss Owens staid behind to collect her books and lock the door, and as the children flocked out, she stood on the old door stone and watched them far down the road. Katy and Rob, Fanny and Johnny and Spencer, and all the little people you have

learned to know, till the turn hid them, and they were out of sight.

So here we leave them. Are you sorry, little ones? Some day, maybe, you shall hear more of them all, and till then —

Good-bv.

THE END.